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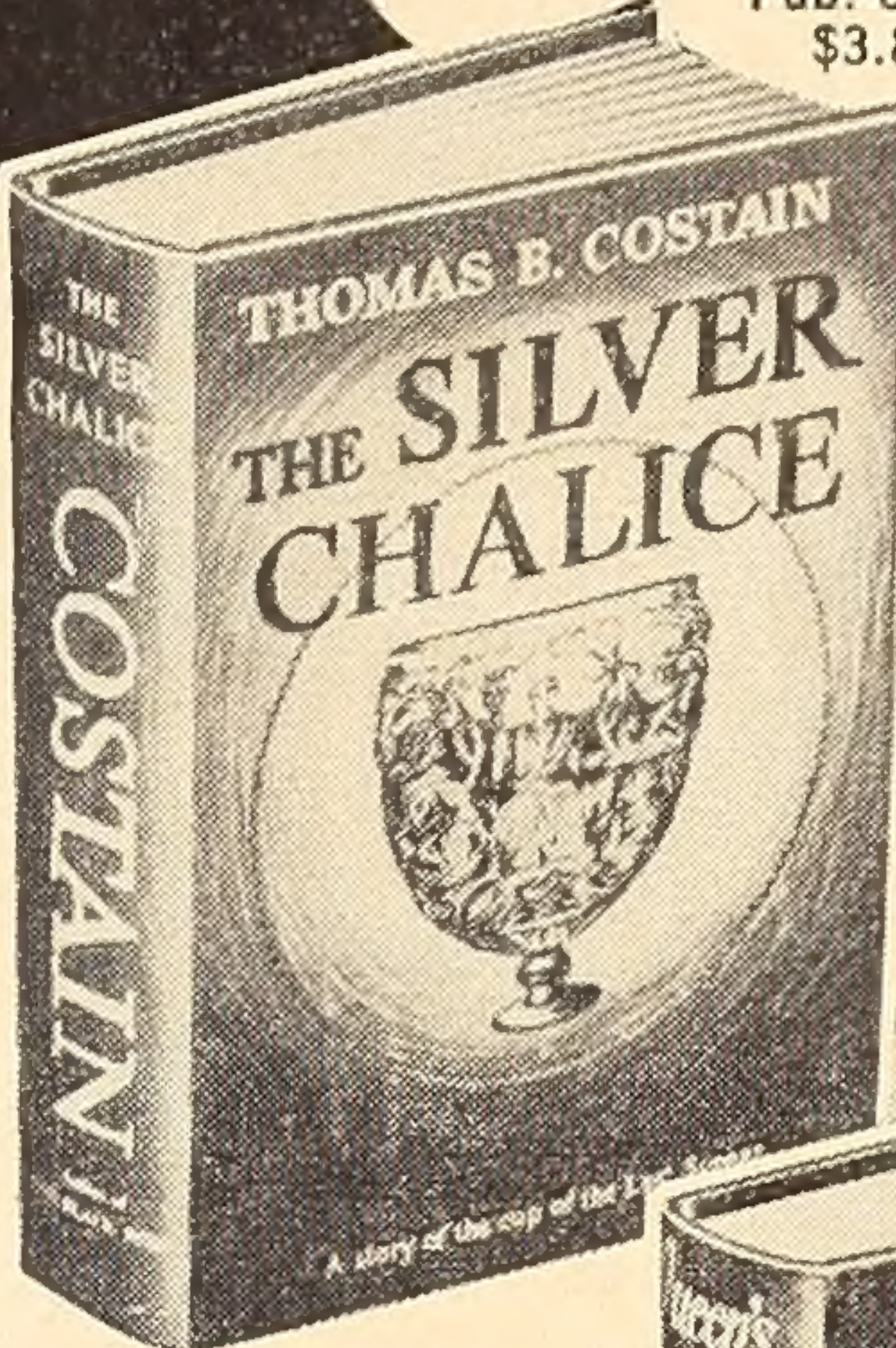
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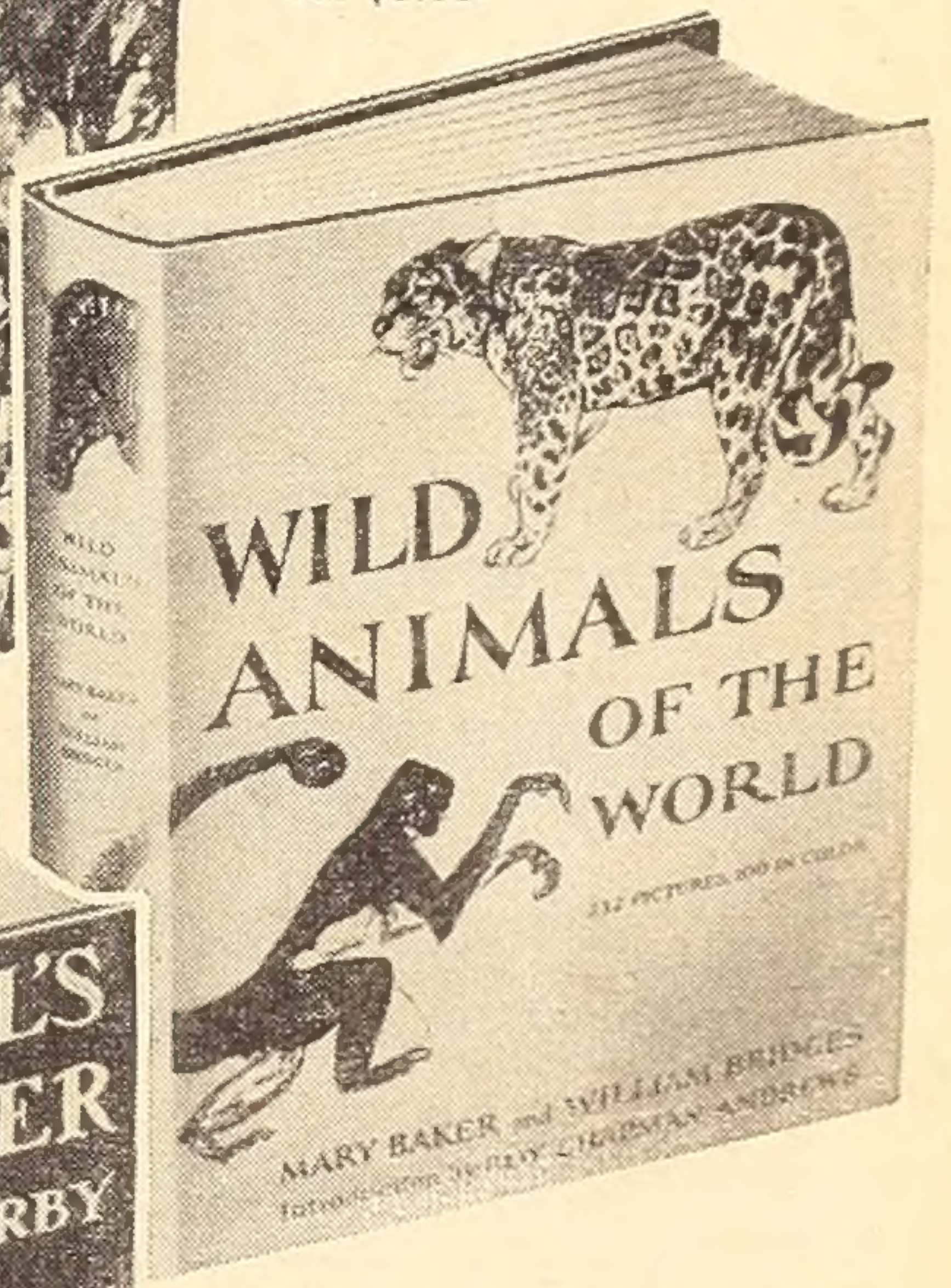
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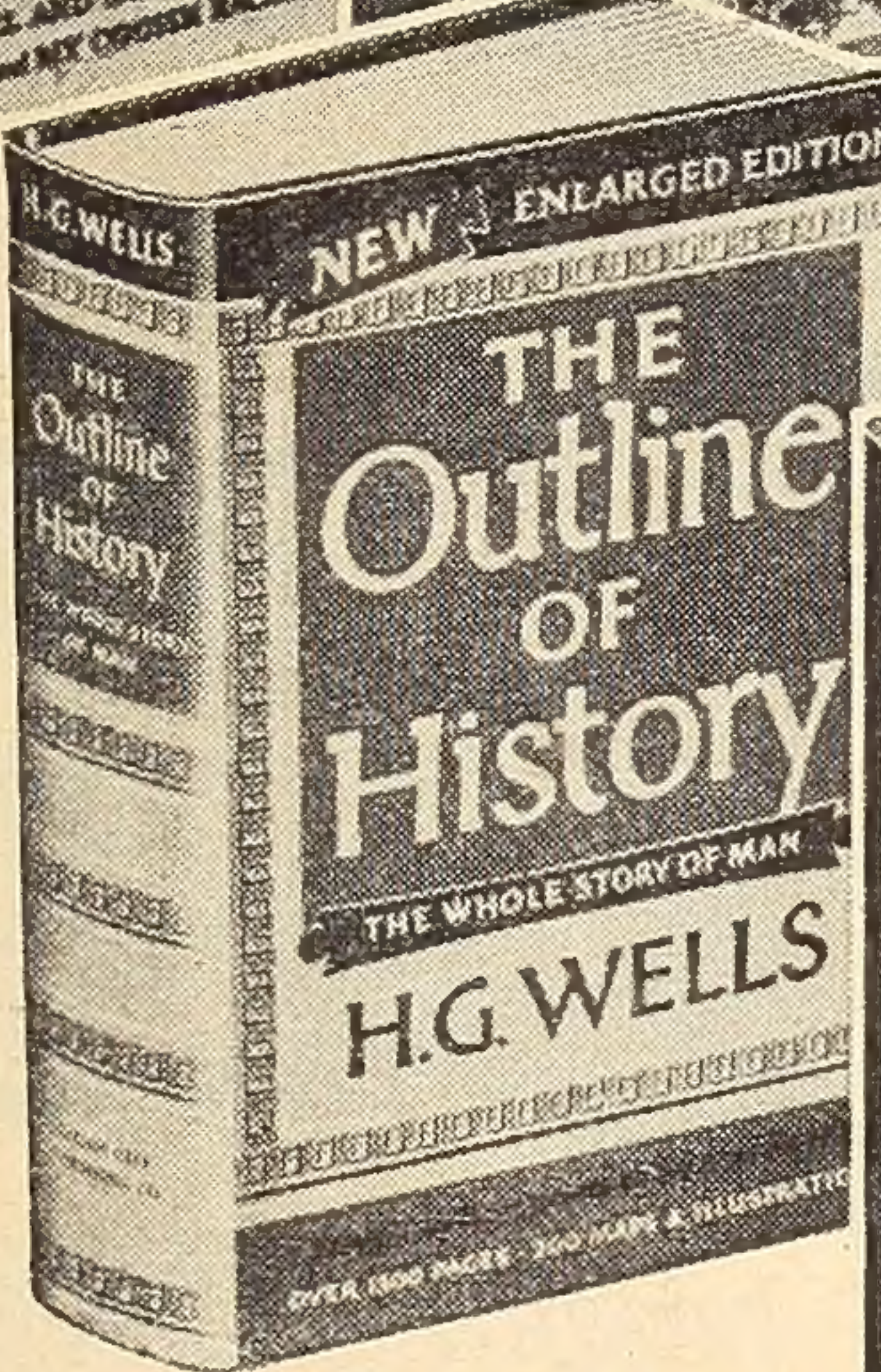
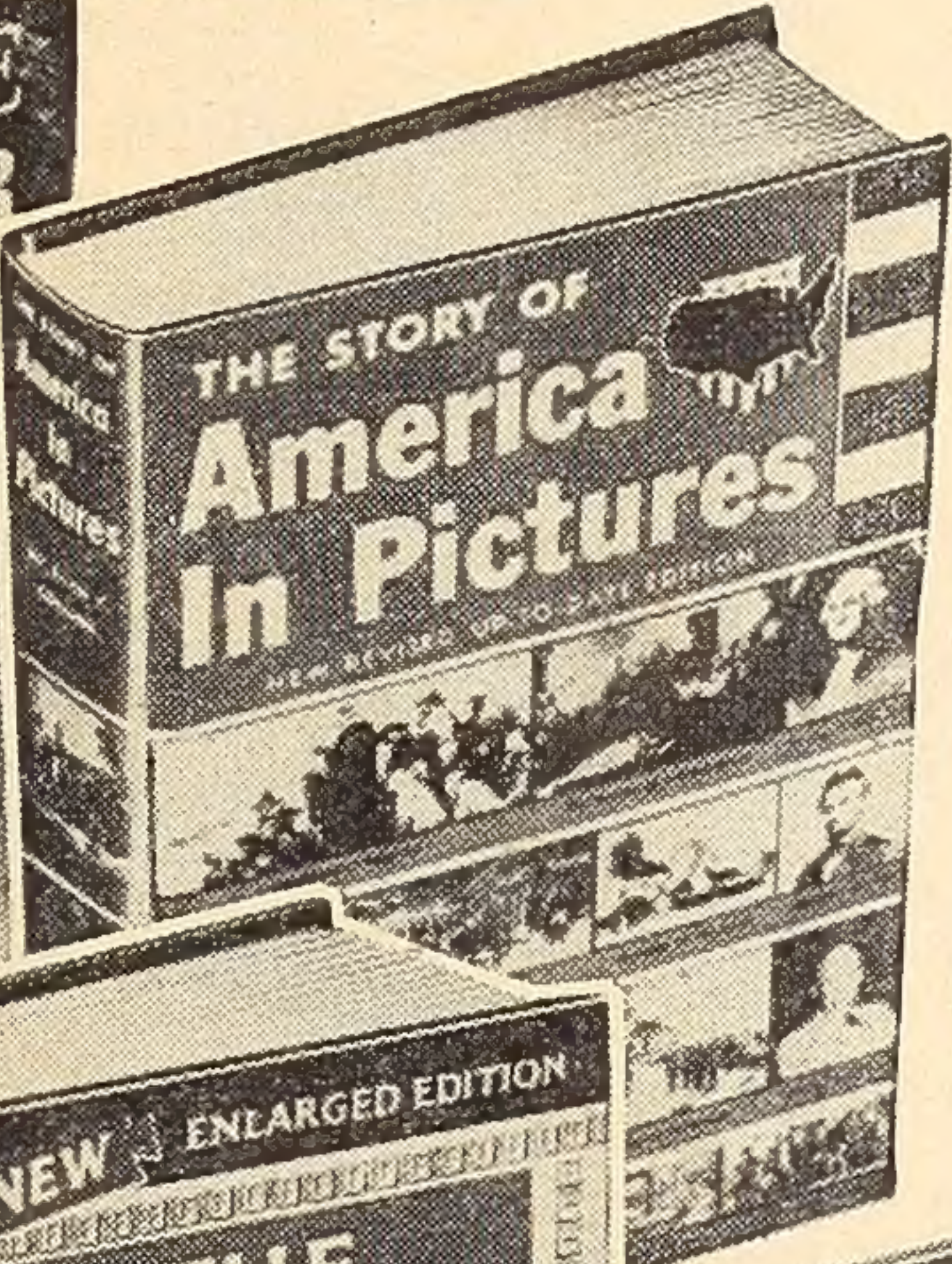
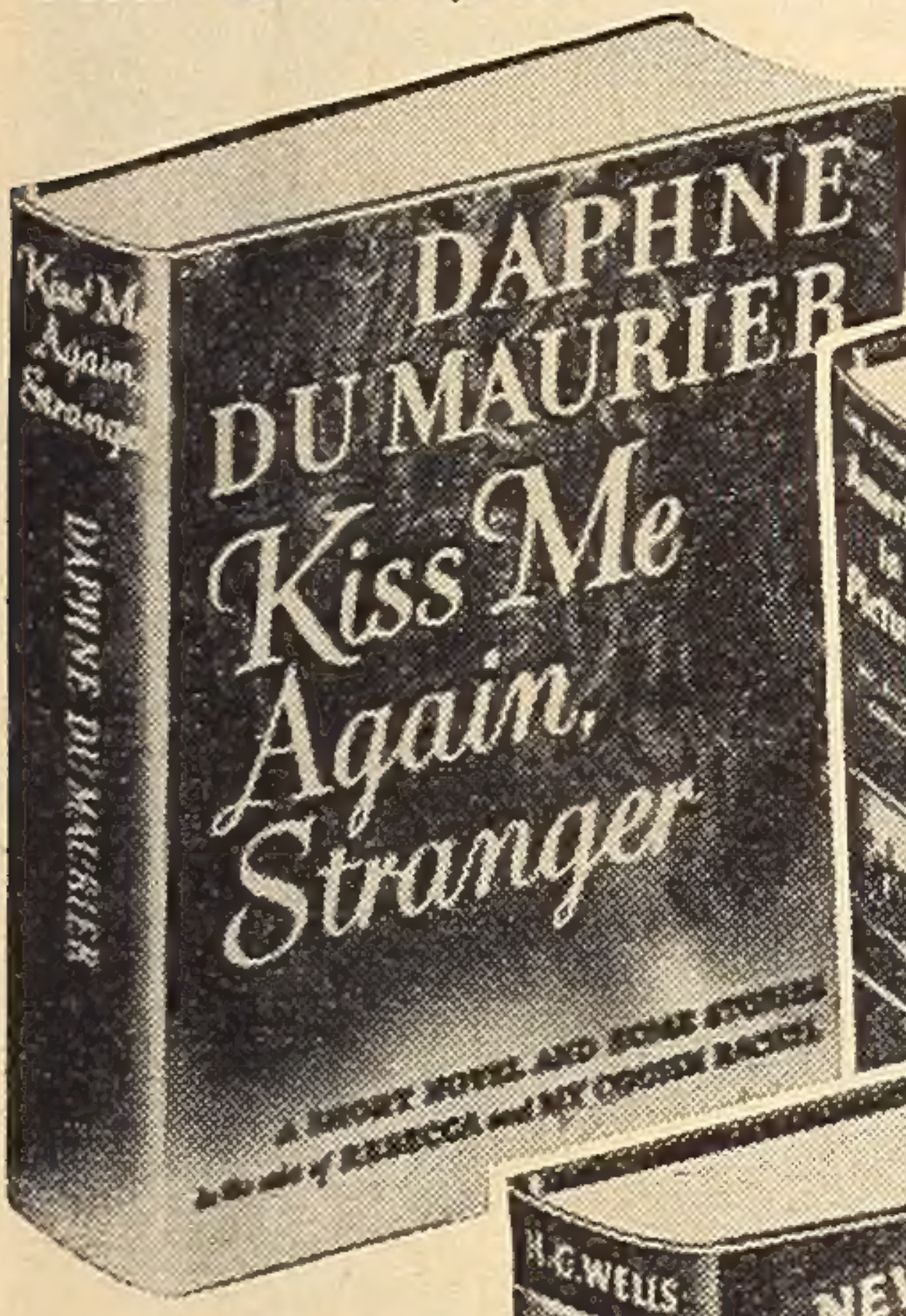
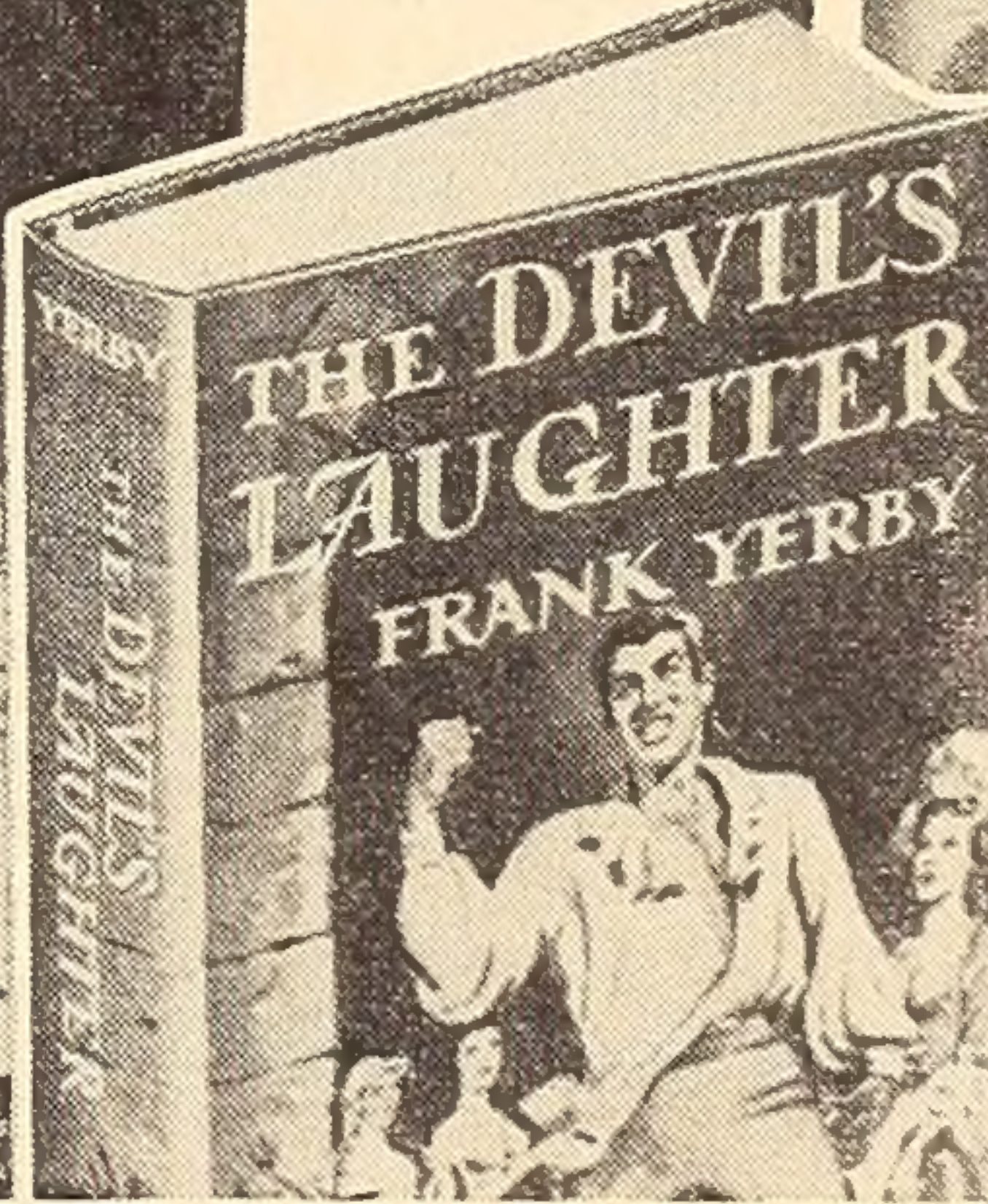
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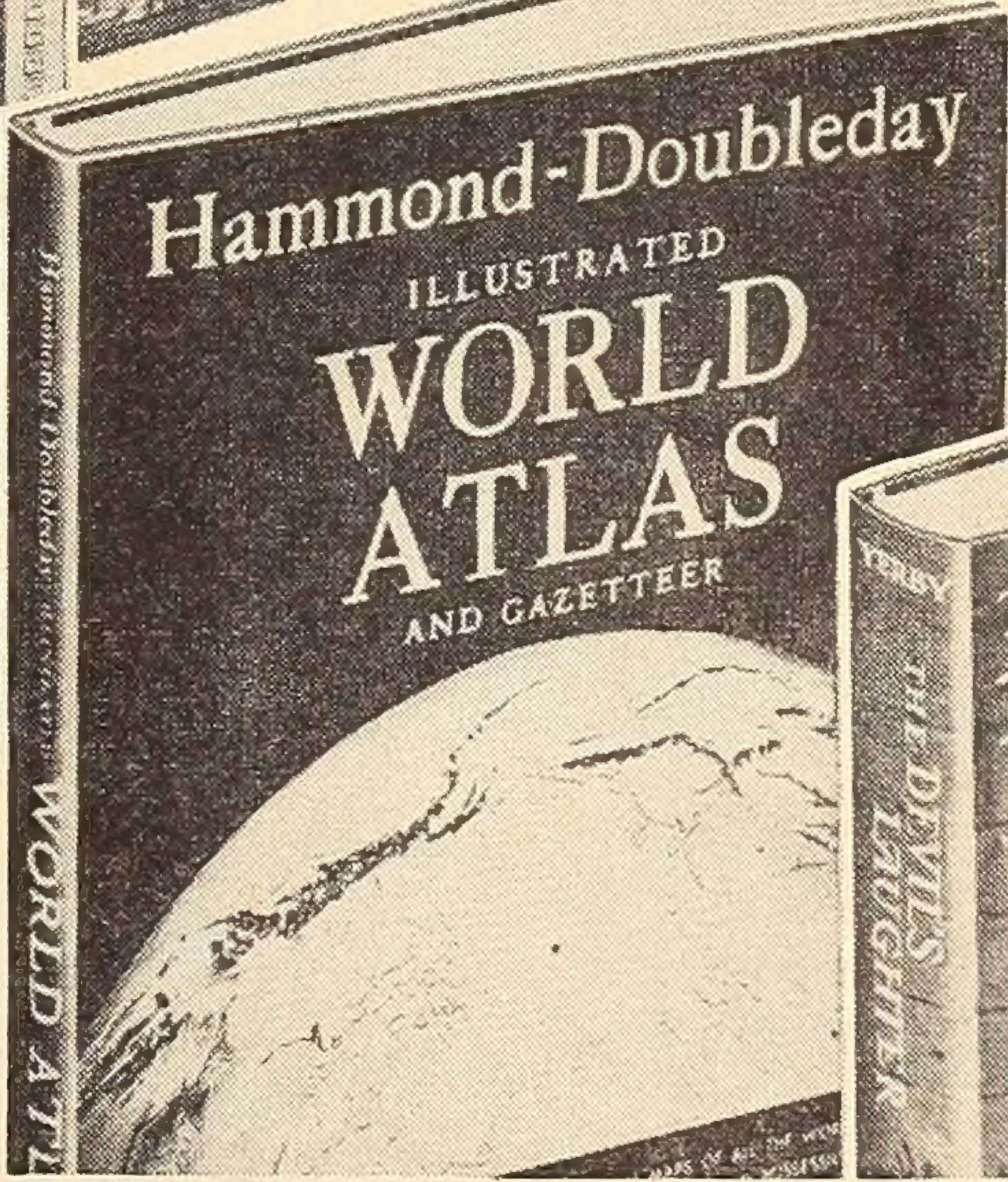


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Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume Fifty-Eight, Number Four

February, 1954

FIRST RUN FEATURES

Exclusive Movie Gossip By Dorothy Kilgallen.....	19
Off-The-Record news of the screen's most intriguing stars	
Ingrid's Zest For Living By Gene Morris.....	23
Ingrid Bergman's gusto is sparked by exciting plans	
Why I've No Time For Love By Frederick Worden.....	26
"Men just don't fit into my scheme of living," says Jean Peters	
Tony's Letter To Bob By Tony Curtis.....	28
Tony tells Bob Wagner what to expect while co-starring with Janet Leigh	
The Taming Of Tarzan By Elsie Lee.....	31
Half of Hollywood feels Lana Turner will never change spoiled Lex Barker	
Impassioned Iceberg By Vincent Rogers.....	33
Rock Hudson's fiery screen personality is apt to mislead you	
I Want To Live Like A Movie Star By Louis Reid.....	35
Terry Moore doesn't want to lead the domestic life	
If I Had A Second Chance By Ruth Cummings Rowland.....	36
Howard Keel admits he'd make drastic changes if he had the climb all over again	
Behind Every Woman There's A Man By Jean Hagen.....	38
A frank confession of the part men have played in Jean's life	
No Wonder I've Got An Ulcer! By Robert Perkins.....	40
"Even now, I'm not relaxed, but I'm better," says Ed Sullivan	
Hollywood On Broadway By Danton Walker.....	42
Visiting stars can set even blase New York back on its heels	
Maggi's Private Wire By Maggi McNellis.....	45
Listening in on what's going on behind the scenes in television	
Do Women Hate Or Envy Lili? By Dee Phillips.....	52
Does resentment of Lili St. Cyr come from women who'd love to be as daring?	

EXCLUSIVE COLOR PHOTOS

Janet Leigh and Bob Wagner , starring in "Prince Valiant".....	28
Lana Turner , starring in "The Flame And The Flesh".....	30
Rock Hudson , starring in "Magnificent Obsession".....	32
Terry Moore , starring in "King Of The Khyber Rifles".....	34

THE HOLLYWOOD SCENE

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About By Lynn Bowers.....	6
Your Guide To Current Films By Reba and Bonnie Churchill.....	14
Record Roundup By Jane Pickens.....	51

FOR FEMMES ONLY

Straighten Up And Fly Light By Marcia Moore.....	48
Walk In Beauty By Elizabeth Lapham.....	54

On the Cover, Janet Leigh, MGM star, currently on loan
for 20th Century-Fox's "Prince Valiant"

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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



A steady duo, Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean at the Women's Press Club gala.



Debbie Reynolds gets around—here with Bob Neal at Lincoln-Ford party.

cause she hadn't made a picture for so long. . . Anyway, Joan hardly had time to change from her blue jeans and boots into elegant furs, jewels, and gown for the huge tribute Hollywood paid its No. 1 star at the premiere of Joan's new picture, "Torch Song." Another big night in Hollywood.

Still another big night was the premiere of MGM's "Julius Caesar," which jammed Wilshire Blvd. up around the Four Star Theatre fit to kill. The biggest reception was accorded Louis Calhern, who portrays Caesar, by some hundred stars and several hundred fans. Through a smart maneuver on the part of the publicity department of MGM, everybody hollered "Hail, Caesar" as Mr. Calhern majestically approached the microphones. Needless to say, Marlon Brando—who is just sensational as *Marc Antony*, was conspicuous by his absence. He is not the preem type, you know.

It's getting more and more fashionable for the young stars to be complete hermits, except when they're working. So who? Well, Audrey Hepburn and Grace Kelly, that's who. Audrey has a little apartment and Grace has taken a house,

but they might just as well be in the jungle as far as the fans or studios finding them is concerned.

With U-I's top producer, former actor Ross Hunter, a bunch of us paid a night visit to the studio back lot to watch the big scene which is the ending of "Magnificent Obsession." It's a Swiss village square with all the flags and all the gimmicks for a carnival. Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman drive up in a sporty foreign car (*spelled Simca*) and he describes to her (*on account of she is blind in this picture*) the witch-burning festival which is celebrated every year to bring on the snows. Well, just wait until you see this in Technicolor—it is utter, sheer delight. R. & J. make a veddy handsome couple indeed.

Gary Cooper lingered in this town just long enough to tip his cowboy hat to his wife and child, having come from Europe where he'd been for six months—then whizzed off to Mexico City to make a new picture, called "Garden Of Evil."

The little character who made the biggest, wildest splash at 20th's premiere of "How To Marry A Millionaire" was—you guessed it—Marilyn Monroe. Looking like



Rhonda Fleming and her husband, Dr. Lew Morrill at Hugh O'Brian's party.



Bachelor host Hugh O'Brian welcomes Nora Haymes to his shindig at Capri.

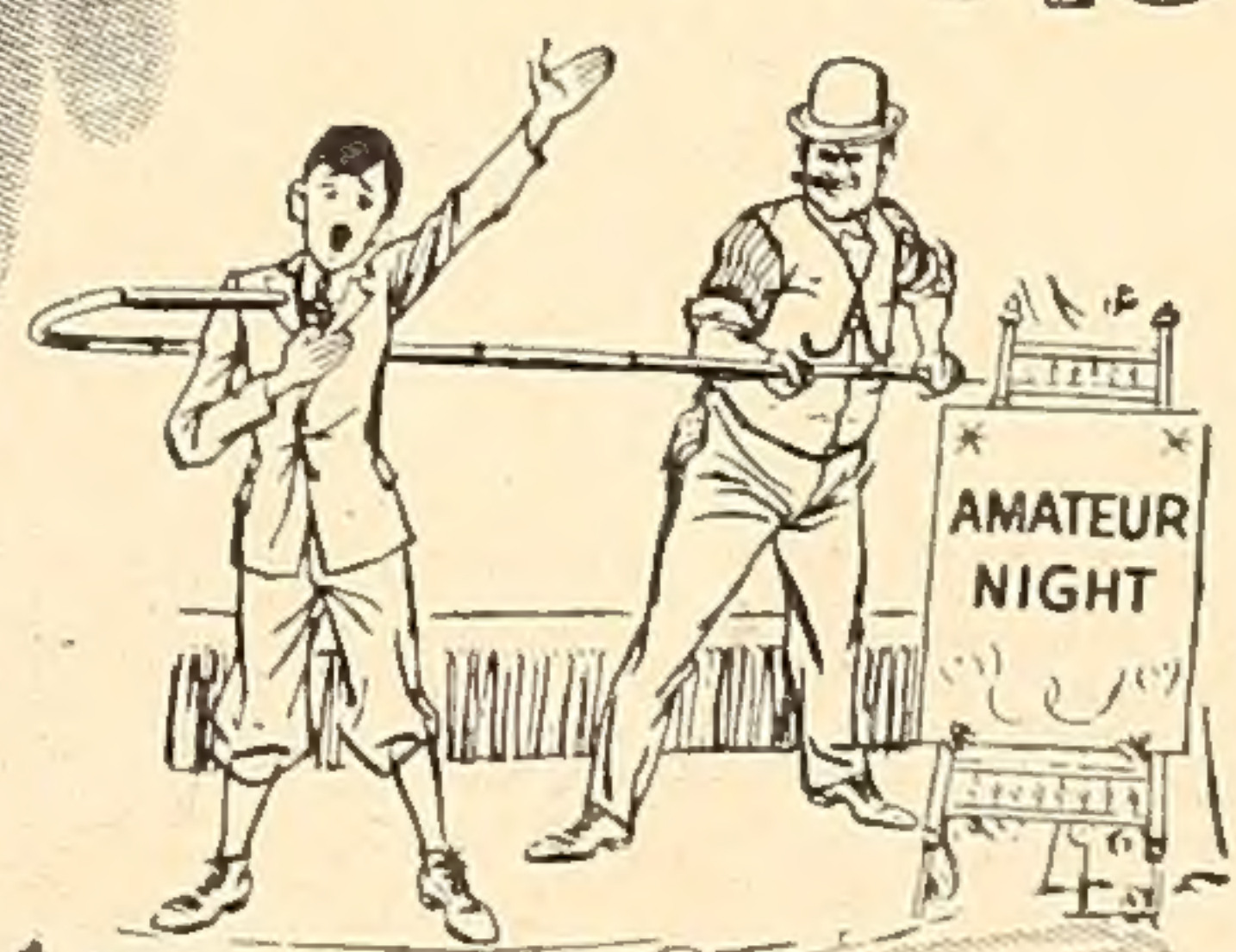
★ ★ ★ Because Eddie Cantor is more than just the world's greatest living entertainer, this is more than just his fabulous show-business story. Here's Cantor the man—the showman, the human—who carries almost as big a torch for America as that Liberty Lady in New York Bay. Rub the black grease-paint off that eye-popping face and he's all red-white-and-true-blue underneath.

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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



Husband Tony Curtis and "Prince Valiant" co-star Robert Wagner buss Janet Leigh at Hollywood Women's Press Club silver anniversary party at the Luau.

the dream of all time in a fabulous gown, M.M., accompanied by a studio press agent because her boy friend was out of town, got acclaim like she was the lady president of the U.S., was escorted out the back of the theatre by twelve stalwart policemen. She told a close chum of hers later that she was just scared to death—of making the personal appearance. Betty Grable, who is a scaredy too, just didn't get up nerve enough to show.

Van and Evie Johnson spent a weekend in Palm Springs as the guests of the veddy chic and social Louise Celestin, liked the surroundings so well that they've rented a house for the full season. It's a small number, at least for their family, and they plan to have no help at all—just roughing it for them. Van comes in for pictures or whatever he has to do. This place is really Hollywood In The Sand and the season opened with the colorful Golden Nugget Ball and the new Beachcomber's Restaurant, which is an offshoot of the famous one in Hollywood. In fact, it looked like the one in Hollywood because everybody who ever goes to the one in town was at the P.S. version.

Gary Merrill had to depart from the side of his ever-lovin' Bette Davis, who is residing way up in Portland, Maine, to come to Hollywood for the picture, "Witness To Murder," but he was fixin' to hurry back to the snow and ice of Maine as quick as ever he finished same.

Fernando Lamas flew like the wind to New York to see his Dahl, Arlene, performing in Jose Ferrer's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Miss D. scrambled her television show because she was unhappy about something or other.

Guess who came to town briefly? Edward Everett Horton, who has practically made a lifetime career out of the old play,

"Springtime For Henry." He went off again to St. Louis for a Winter stock engagement.

The sneak preview of "French Line," the Jane Russell-Mary McCarty-Gilbert Roland RKO musical was about the greatest thing since the advent of wide-screen. The fans cheered like at a patriotic parade and the admiration society, via enthusiastic reaction cards, points up the fact that this column has been holering about for some time—that Miss McC. is going to be one of the top movie stars of any day. Her chum, Jane Withers—they've been friends since they used to make moppet movies together—took a trip to Las Vegas to hear Mary's new act at the Flamingo. Jane, incidentally, is a pretty happy gal these days, having dates like every night with various beaux and living it up in general.

Now that the John and Chata Wayne fracas has calmed down, except for Mrs. W. still driving her dusty pickup truck and getting traffic tickets enough to raise the police force's pay, the Duke has picked up again with Pilar Palette, a beauty from Peru—not Mexico, country of his former frau. Nobody looks for the big boy to get married again for some time, though.

Bob Taylor hosted a farewell party for himself before taking a large barge to Egypt and his new picture, "Valley Of The Kings." First girl to arrive at the shindig was Barbara Stanwyck. Now that's what I call real friendly. It will probably be a happy thing for Eleanor Parker, who co-stars with Bob, to have a time away from Hollywood. She took a very dim view of the breakup of her marriage to Bert Friedlob.

You may not think of Jerry Lewis as the lover-boy type, but don't let him fool you. His one romantic scene in "Living

It Up" came across so well they've tripled his Romeo chores to which Jer gloats, "Dean may always get his girl, but at least now I get a chance to be a lover. Who's this Clark Gable, anyhow?"

Piper Laurie, after ruining \$100 worth of nylons getting in and out of auto racers for "Johnny Dark," has decided on an economy wave. She now uses leg make-up.

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello's famous "Who's On First" baseball routine had to be revamped for the boys stint in England. Bud told us, "Instead of baseball, we made it an orchestra, Who is the leader, What's the piano player, and I don't know is the drummer." Incidentally, we were at NBC watching Bud rehearse when the call came through that Lou had collapsed at International Airport and their TV and film would have to be postponed. In a matter of minutes, Abbott had some of his show business friends to help out and his TV show was still very much on.

There were a considerable number of huddles between her attorney, Greg Bautzer, and Jean Simmons while Stewart Granger was off in England making a picture. There was also considerable conjecture around these Hollywoods about why Mr. B. was so busy he didn't see much of his supposed heart interest, the beautiful young Mari Blanchard.

There's a young gal at Columbia, being kept under wraps temporarily, who has all the photographers going crazy trying to use up film and burn up flash bulbs on her. Her name is now Marilyn Novak and the reason they're so eager is that she's a kind of blonde Jane Russell or something like that there. Simmer down, boys, your turn's coming.

While Ricardo Montalban was earning the money for it in Columbia's "Saracen Blade," his mother-in-law, who is Loretta Young's mother, was busy decorating their new home. Then he goes to Mexico for a picture which is to be directed by his brother-in-law, Norman Foster.



Lita Baron and Rory Calhoun were among guests at "Millionaire" premiere party.



Greer Garson in new role as lecturer on Shakespeare at London University.

When Rosie Clooney's sister, Betty, was here for a visit she had a big time on the Paramount lot watching her famous kin shooting in "White Christmas." It was a kinda lonely thing for Rosie when both Betty and the new groom, Mr. Jose Ferrer, departed for the East on the same plane. Rosie had to stay here to finish the picture.

After a false start, which meant Nancy Walker coming to Hollywood from New York, then going back because the new Doris Day picture, "Lucky Me," was postponed—the Broadway comedienne brought baby, nurse and all out with her on the second trip and settled down in her Hollywood home, for a busy Winter.

It seems a little worrisome that Don O'Connor has been acting up a bit and failing to show up for interviews and such—but he always was a forgetful boy and never meant anybody any harm. This is probably one of the reasons Don's not able to make up his mind between Marilyn Erskine and his ex, Gwen. Meanwhile, Marilyn's making the rounds with some of the other eligible males—between road tours with a new theatre repertory company that's touring the West Coast.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)



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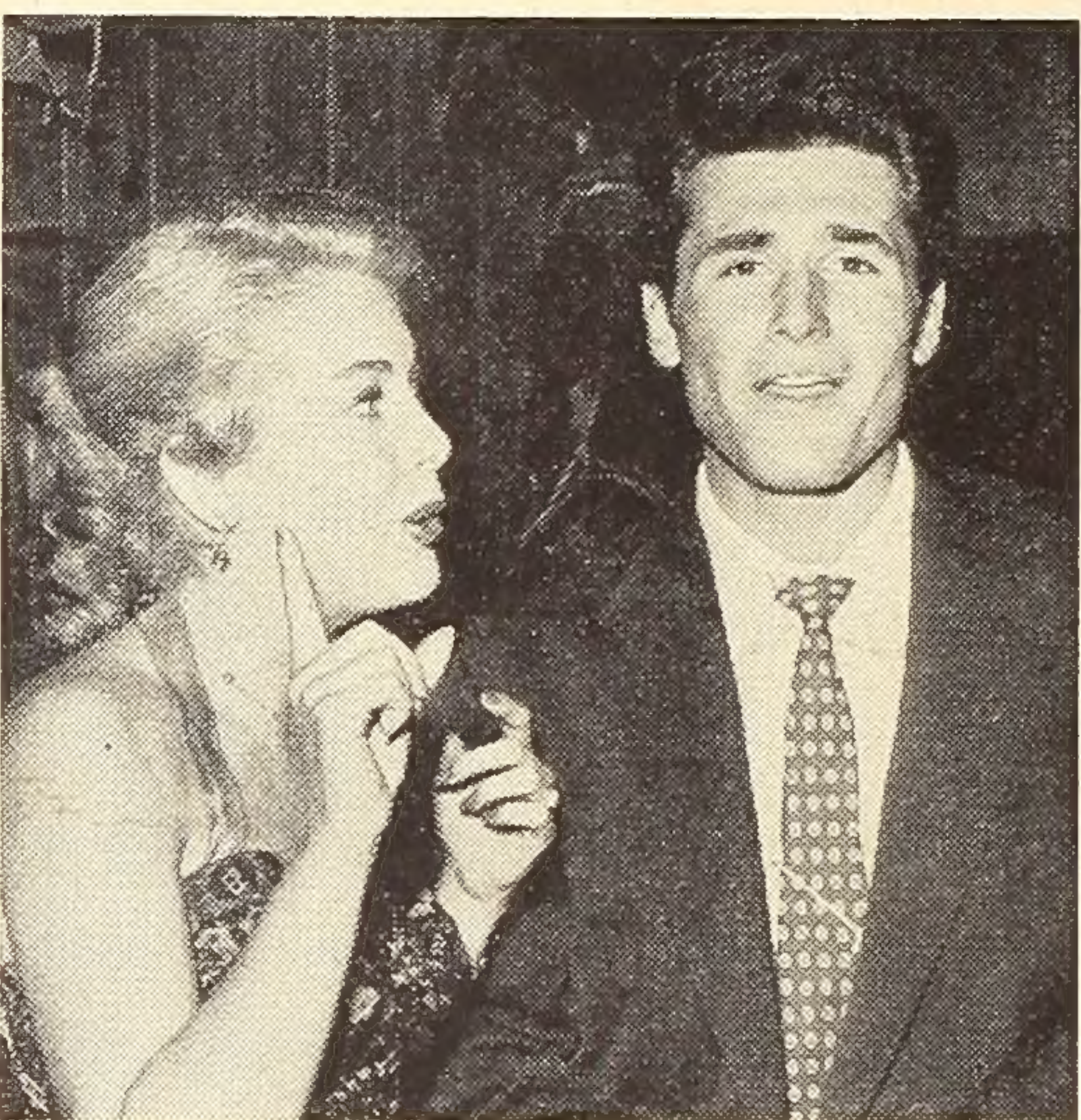
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



Ginger Rogers learns workings of Pay-As-You-See TV from Dr. L. Ridenour.



Long-time duo, Claudette Thornton and Robert Stack, at auto dealers' party.



Lori Nelson and newcomer Race Gentry at the Hugh O'Brian affair at Capri.



Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell, a devoted pair, as ever, at Lincoln-Ford party.

Ava Gardner, again living with her sister in her cute little canyon house—it's all pink and white and looks like a birthday cake—has been veddy, veddy quiet since the big storm with Frankie. Well, one thing it's done for Frankie—his career has never looked lovelier. As for the beautiful Miss G., may we say the same thing applies.

There should be a lot of pretty music coming out of MGM and Esther Williams in her new picture, "Athena." The boys who wrote the famous "Trolley Song" for Judy Garland are back at it for Miss Swim Suit—Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane are the ones who will put the notes down on bar paper.

It's nice to know that one of the old favorites, Tom Brown, is back in the cinema swim after three years as an Army Major. One of his new projects is an Abbott & Costello pic, "Fireman Save My Child." Tom never gets old, that boy.

The rift between Zsa Zsa Gabor and her George Sanders was as loud as the main-sail on a schooner ripping in the wind. George, according to Zsa Zsa, helped himself to some of her possessions AND the butler, which left her with a lot of spicey

comments to make, but no help in the kitchen. Seems a shame that these two had to part—they had so much fun fighting.

The efforts of Jess Barker to reconcile with Susie Hayward might as well have been saved since Susie ain't about to do any reconciling, although she has a kindly feeling about him as far as letting him see the kids is concerned. Meanwhile, Susie is off to Mexico to be in the picture, "Garden Of Evil," with Gary Cooper. Nothing like a vacation to clear up the domestic smogs of Hollywood.

Well, look who's doing a night club act awreddy. Ronnie Reagan, no less. He's not only going to make with the patter and the songs-and-dance routine, but he's going to be master of ceremonies any time he's called on. Ronnie has the easy, smooth manner with the audiences and he should be an all-fired success at this new routine.

June Haver decided not to be a recluse very long. Just to get back into the swing of things, she re-decorated her apartment house, slimmed down to her Hollywood weight, lightened her hair, then stepped out at a banquet.



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Just to catch you up to date—there is nothing new in the Aldo Ray-Jeff Donnell romance to report. But they're still going around and about together, between Aldo's trips up thar to Crockett, Calif., to see his family, which numbers up practically to a dozen brothers and sisters.

Hear nothing but wonderful stuff about the young comedian-actor Jack Lemmon, the boy who swiped the show from Judy Holliday in "It Should Happen To You." Jack's all for Hollywood, bless his heart, and he and his wife, Cynthia Stone—formerly a New York television actress—have bought a house, their first. Jack's so excited about it he says the refrigerator makes ice cubes and the stove gives out with heat to cook on. There's a June baby on the way—so who could ask for anything better happening to you.

Young Robert Francis, the boy who's going to make you young girls' (and some of you old girls') hearts beat quite a lot faster—when you see him in "The Caine Mutiny," got hisself right into another picture at Columbia, a thing called "The Woodhawk" and I want to tell you he's going to be a doctor in same. This tall youngster is probably one of the most attractive males to hit this town since Gary Cooper first rode in on his horse.

Sarah Churchill, with a small strike against her for having a beef—you should excuse the expression—in a hamburger joint on the Strip, got herself all right and roger with the press, then called her illustrious parent, Winston, in London to explain that she had not really done anything to injure international relations. It was all a misunderstanding, really.

Larry Parks made his return to the screen via television—in a Ford Theatre drama called "The Happiest Day." This is pretty good news and a happy day for Larry, who finally got himself all straightened around with everybody concerned. Good actor, that boy—nice fellow too. Shelley Winters also debuted in television, via the same Ford route in a com-



Audrey Totter and her husband, Dr. Leo Fred, at Lincoln-Ford dealers' party.

edy called "Mantrap," suitably enough. Shell sorta threw her weight around in her Las Vegas night club engagement but she was a nervous girl.

Well, the Bogarts are off again, after being in our midst for a short spell. Bogey and his Betty are practically right now in Rome, where the man of the house is making "Barefoot Countess."

Barbara Stanwyck's the newest one to get a night club act together. I tell you, with all these guys and dolls out on the road entertaining the customers in the flesh, the citizens of Hollywood have to start traveling to see their favorite stars.

MGM is so interested in Elaine Stewart's younger sister, Eleanor, that they're giving her a screen test just about the time you're reading this under the hair dryer.

END



Judy Holliday arrives at celeb-filled affair given by Lincoln-Ford people.



At the "So Big" premiere Joan Evans and Kirby Weatherly greet a friend.

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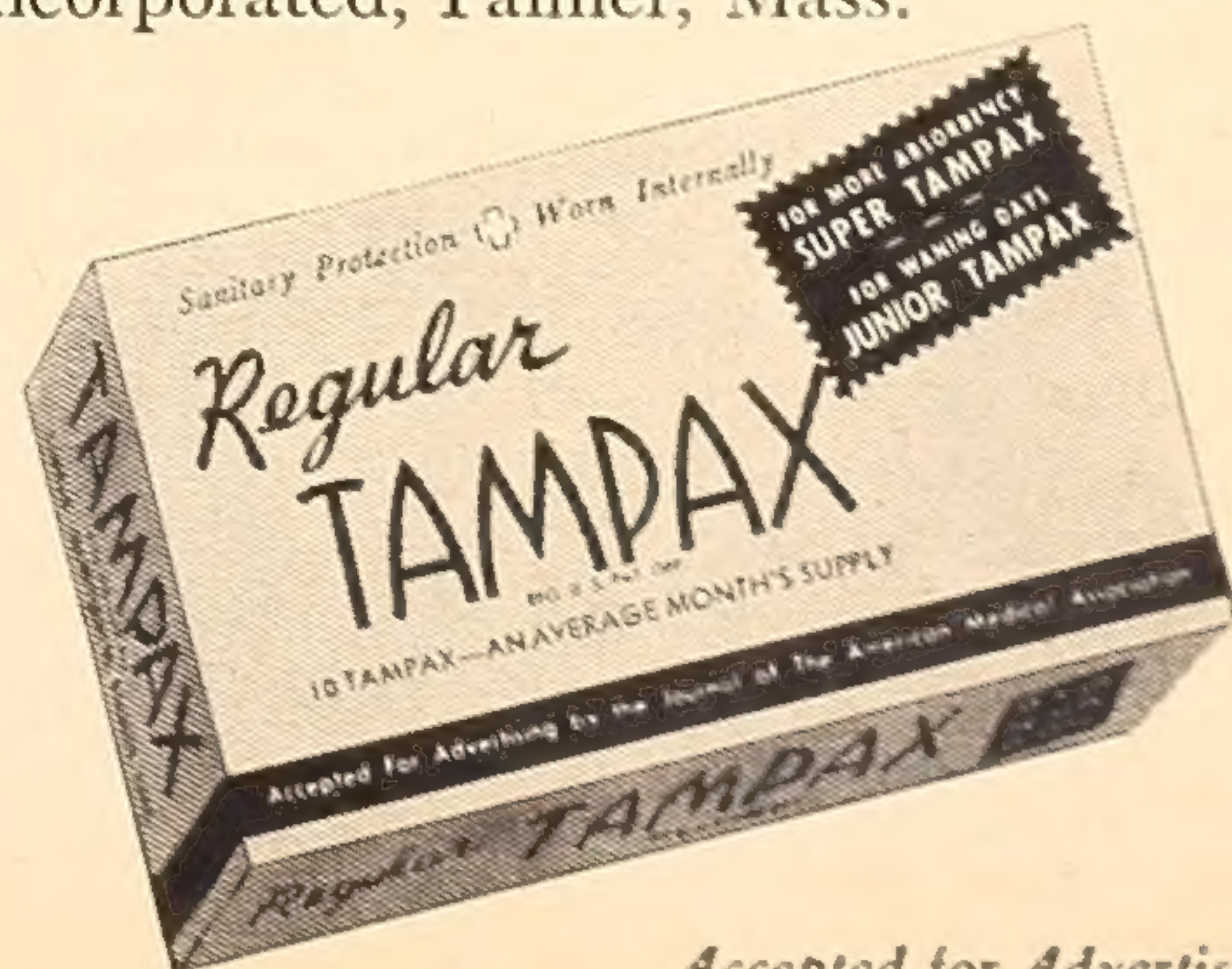
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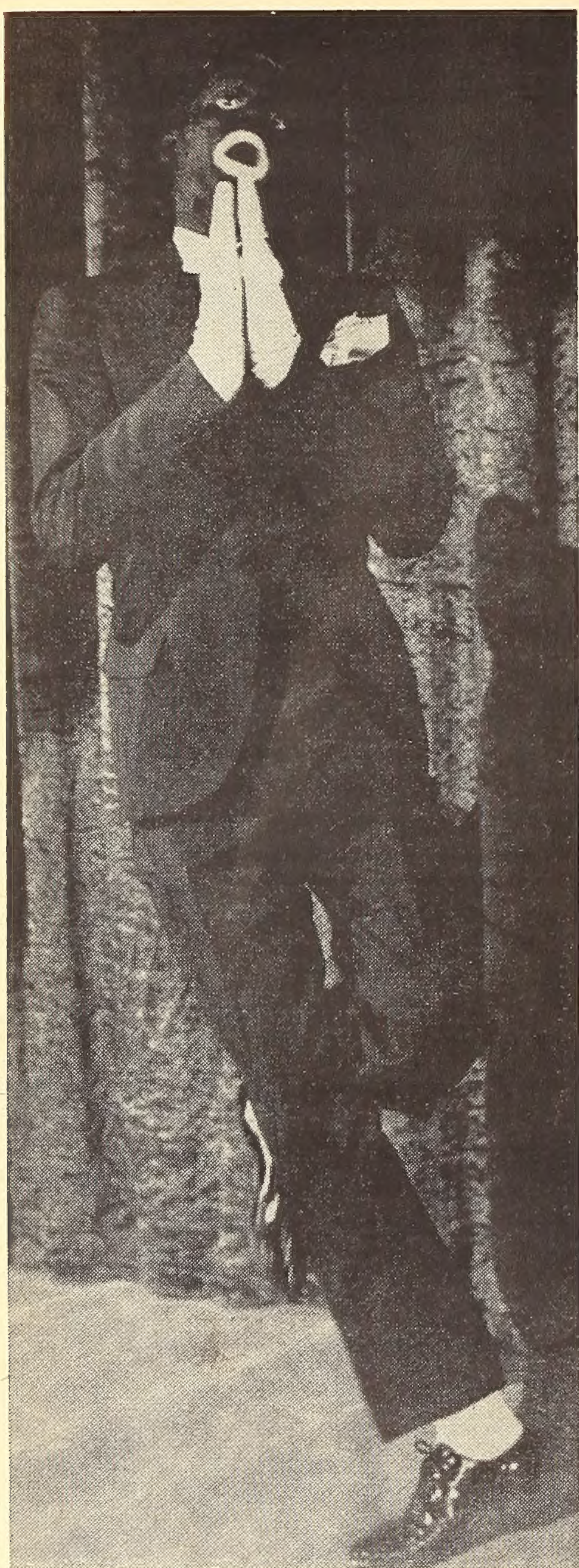
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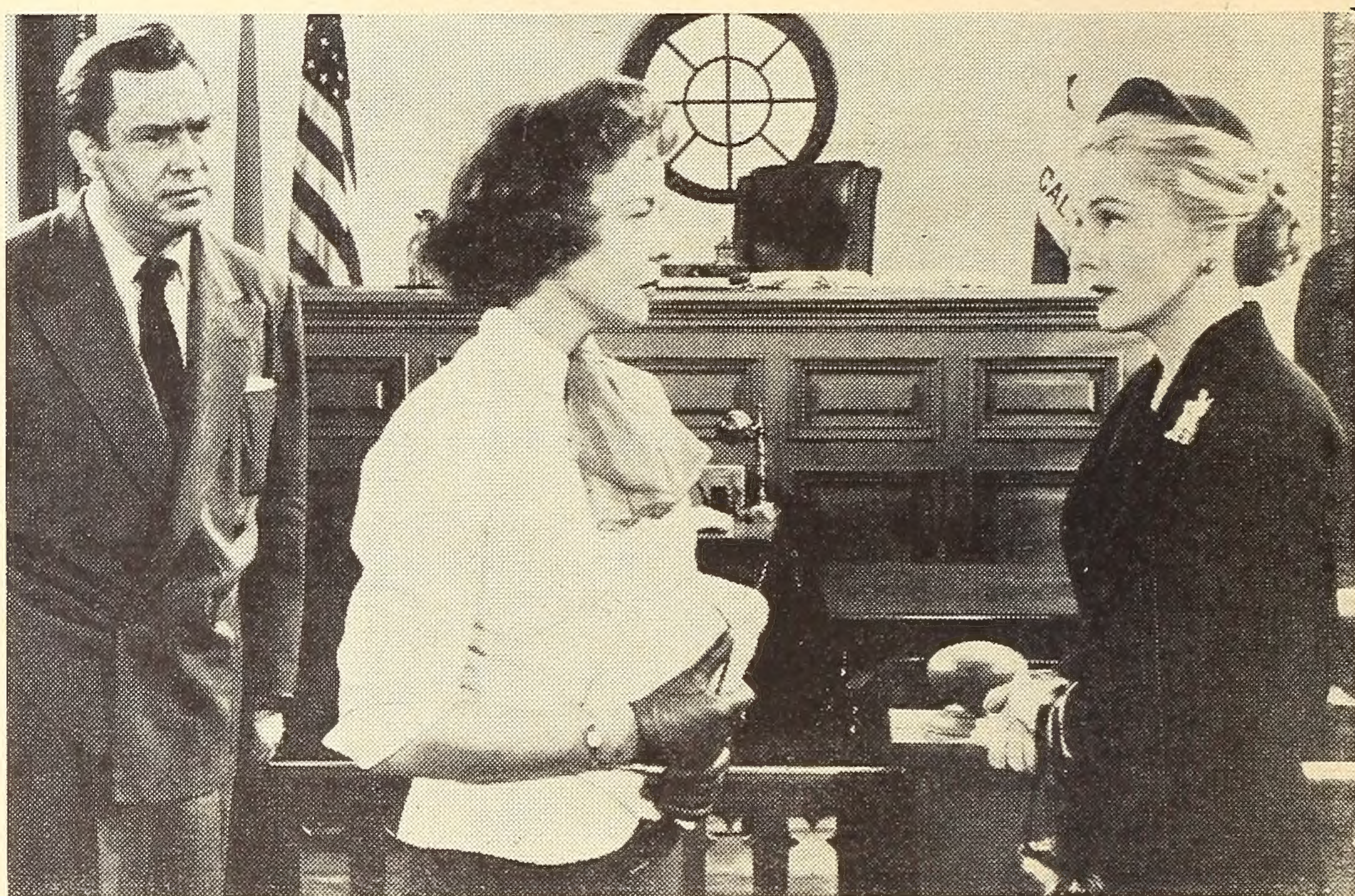
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Keefe Brasselle's characterization is perfect in "The Eddie Cantor Story."

Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill



Edmond O'Brien, in the title role of "The Bigamist," watches as his two wives, Ida Lupino and Joan Fontaine, each professes her love for him in a court trial.

It Should Happen To You

HERE'S a zippy, fun-proof comedy co-starring not-so-dumb blonde Judy Holliday and man-about-town Peter Lawford. Judy's a model who has a yen for fame and rents a billboard to publicize herself. Tycoon Lawford needs the same space to advertise his father's soap products, and opens negotiations with Judy. But when business man meets blonde, he becomes enamored and swaps seven billboards for her one. With Judy's name plastered over New York, she becomes a celebrity without ever accomplishing anything. A smart promoter, Michael O'Shea, signs her to a contract and starts cashing in on all of the publicity, much to the annoyance of Judy's true boy friend, Jack Lemmon. When the model's publicity bubble bursts and Jack walks out, she does the only sensible thing and hires a sky writer to advertise her love for him. Especially tailored for the Holliday talents, director George Cukor and author Garson Kanin push the

film along at a madcap pace that keeps both audience and players reeling from the fun impact. Lawford's at his "wolfish" best, and you'll like newcomer Jack Lemmon, too. **Columbia.**

The Eddie Cantor Story

LAVISHLY produced, nostalgically played, the story of "Mr. Show Business" himself finally comes to the screen. Unlike "The Jolson Story," many of the songs and latter sequences in Eddie Cantor's life are already familiar to audiences. The real surprise in the film, however, is the marked attention that has been paid to duplicating not only the comedian's singing delivery, but his actual speaking voice. Keefe Brasselle sustains an almost exact impersonation for the entire 90 minutes of the Technicolor film. The story traces Eddie's career, which began when he was 13 years old and about to be sent to an orphanage, much against the will of his aged grandma, Aline MacMahon. The youngster's enterprise helps him win an

amateur contest and a contract with Gus Edwards, which keeps him out of the orphanage. His years as a child star, his courtship with Ida (*Marilyn Erskine*) and of course, the birth of their five daughters are all duly recorded. His decision to continue his career, even against doctor's orders, and the rewards he reaps climax the film. A surprise appearance by Eddie and Ida themselves, plus a token shot of Will Rogers, Jr., provide an added element to the Sidney Skolsky production. **Warner Brothers.**

Easy To Love

MGM's favorite mermaid, Esther Williams, takes her swim gear this time to Cypress Gardens, Fla., where she plays an aquacade star at the famed resort. The establishment is run by Van Johnson, a fast-talking, quick thinking gent, who has made Esther into an athletic star, and then used her name to endorse everything from TV to lipstick. When Van's swimming gold mine threatens to quit to



Martin and Lewis are occupied with a race-track fix in "Money From Home."



In "Here Come The Girls" chorus boy Bob Hope romances Rosemary Clooney.

marry her aquatic partner, John Bromfield, the boss decides to break up the romance by taking Esther to New York. The move only complicates matters, for nightclub singer Tony Martin then joins her list of admirers and follows her back to Cypress Gardens. It isn't until Johnson almost loses the gal that he literally "gets in the swim" and wins her back. The film provides fine family fare and a new medium for Esther who does several tricky sequences on water skis. **MGM.**

Paris Model

REAL star of this Marilyn Maxwell-Paulette Goddard starrer is a dress and the various gals who wear copies of it. The film story, which is shot like vig-

nettes, opens in Paris with Eva Gabor blithely buying the specially-made gown and charging it to a boy friend. Copies of the dress reach America, where Paulette and Marilyn use it for man-bait purposes. Eventually the gown lands in the sales bracket of Barbara Lawrence, who wears it the night her shy fellow proposes. Although the gals and the gown dominate the screenplay, there are some entertaining performances by the males who are Cecil Kellaway, Robert Hutton, Leif Erickson, and Tom Conway. **Columbia.**

Money From Home

HONEY Talk Nelson (*Dean Martin*) is a race happy character, who's willing



When not-so-dumb blonde model Judy Holliday rents a billboard to publicize herself she nearly loses her true love, Jack Lemmon, in "It Should Happen To You."

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Your guide to **current films** CONTINUED



Ann Sheridan and Zachary Scott play a quarreling married pair following Glenn Ford on a terrifying trek through jungle wilds in "Appointment In Honduras."

to bet *your* last dollar on a "sure thing." His good intentions are paved with a high-way of gambling debts. When Sheldon Leonard buys up all of Dean's markers and orders him to either pay them or agree to fix a race, there's little choice. The broke Dean and his veterinarian cousin, Jerry Lewis, immediately leave for Maryland to try and persuade horse-owner, Marjie Millar, to scratch her entry so that Leonard's favorite can win. Naturally, the boys wind up double-crossing Leonard, shocking the turf owners with their unorthodox riding, and falling in love with Miss Millar and lady veterinarian Pat Crowley. Picture's one of those crazy mixed up Martin-Lewis specials that tickles your fancy and stretches your credulity. **Paramount.**

The Bigamist

PRODUCERS Ida Lupino and Collier Young are back at their favorite stand—providing the public with off-beat film drama. This time their camera pries into the life of bigamist Edmond O'Brien, who along with his first wife, Joan Fontaine, tries to adopt a baby. Their petition is investigated by Edmund Gwenn, who un-

covers wife No. 2 (Ida Lupino) and a baby already fathered by O'Brien. The marital mess winds up in court with each wife still professing her love. The legal entanglements are skilfully side-stepped, with the judge withholding his decision at the film's conclusion, leaving the audience to make up its own verdict. Directed by Miss Lupino and authored by Young, there's topnotch trouping by all of the principals, who are somewhat hampered by a flash-back technique that the story requires. **Filmakers.**

Appointment In Honduras

GLENN FORD has a fabulous fortune to deliver to an overthrown Honduras president. To cover his disappearance from the freighter he's traveling on, he uses the escape of four convicts as an excuse to begin his jungle trek. He is also forced to take along a quarreling married couple, Ann Sheridan and Zachary Scott. The party soon divides itself into a traitorous, fighting group, whose number keeps dwindling as it faces the untold wilds of Central America. The film eventually boils down to a terrifying 79 minute chase, with Ford jointly

**FRANK, INTIMATE, OFF-THE-RECORD NEWS OF
THE SCREEN'S MOST INTRIGUING STARS
BY AMERICA'S BEST INFORMED COLUMNIST**

AVA GARDNER's temperament kick is the talk of Hollywood. The latest accolade bestowed upon her uncooperative behavior: "She's worse than Frankie" . . .

Marilyn Monroe's new dress is another reason why the boys can't help gawking in her direction: it's black taffeta with colored fish painted all over the material and a skirt of black tulle over it. When Marilyn walks—or wiggles—it looks as if the fish are swimming . . .



Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip

The Aga Khan has handed Ali Khan an ultimatum: "If you marry Gene Tierney she will never be permitted to enter my house." It's nothing personal against Gene; the old ruler is simply tired of his son's predilection for Hollywood actresses, thinks it's high time he married an Oriental princess who would be approved and loved by his people . . .

THE set-back in Mary Murphy's promising career is blamed, in part, on her quiet, hide-a-way dinner dates with Bing Crosby which she denies. Mary admits knowing *The Groaner* "slightly." Cafe owners in Long Beach and Laguna claim it's a deeper attachment, and that they are inseparable, especially on weekends at the shore . . .

Jack Bean tried out three engagement rings on Mitzi Gaynor's third finger, left hand, before they settled on the one she preferred. It was a matter of size—not of the ring, but of the *Diamond Solitaire*. (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



Betty Hutton gives her two little girls, Candy and Lindsay, a great big hug on their arrival in New York for visit with her.

Although Jane Powell, Gene Nelson, here with Tab Hunter and Debbie Reynolds, have split, he'll stage her London show.



Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip

(CONTINUED)

None of the Rita Hayworth-Dick Haymes crowd would be surprised to learn that Rita has decided to give Hollywood the brush in favor of braving the New York stage in a new musical show. She's seriously weighing offers to tour the countryside in a special vaudeville act—to be shared by Dick Haymes—in leading theatres and subsequently topflight cafes. The Broadway musical venture would follow these personal appearances. The Haymes-Hayworth household is badly in need of cash and her Columbia Pictures bosses have refused to advance her any more money until she's finished films being lined up for her. The nightclub-vaudeville dates would insure her and Dick a bundle of ready-made loot. The offers are very, very tempting . . .

THIS is one of those Who's-Gonna-Believe-It stories, but intimates say Michael Wilding irks Elizabeth Taylor by "sitting up until all hours of the night reading Sherlock Holmes" . . .

A major film studio has lowered the boom on its unattached, "eligible" males. The newly issued orders de-

cree that the players are not to frequent certain Sunset Strip cafes and drive-ins, and two public beaches (one in Santa Monica, one in Malibu) are decidedly "off limits." Further restrictions imposed upon these contract actors concern several young starlets and non-professional glamour girls no longer considered "suitable" as dates for the male stars of tomorrow. The ladies in question have been photographed and linked romantically with as many as four actors within the same week, and no matter how moviegoers look at these reputed "romances," they're beginning to suspect there's something odd about the duplication of toothsome twosomes. One such young lady (related to another studio's top brass) is now considered "the Kiss of Death" in movie circles. When a newly arrived Hollywood male dates her—and he's always very young, very handsome, that's her kick—he's immediately blacklisted by top level Hollywood hostesses and agents. That gets around quicker than a Beverly Hills brush fire . . .

Ginger Rogers refused to "age" in her last film, "Forever Female," and it



Roy Rogers and son Dusty wowed them at Holy Family Adoption Center benefit.

was uncertain, from the first day's shooting, that the picture would ever be completed on schedule. The Rogers display of temperament set a new record for on-the-set explosions. Rumors along Hollywood and Vine have it she'll do no more than one picture a year from here on in IF the offers come through. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)



Marie MacDonald gets a kick out of Jerry Lewis and Phil Silvers when they start cutting up at Cocanut Grove.



Ann Blyth poses with an awed youngster in the photo booth at the Holy Family Adoption Center's third annual benefit.

INGRID'S ZEST FOR LIVING

by Gene Morris

INGRID BERGMAN'S GUSTO, VIVID IN WORD
AND GESTURE, IS SPARKED BY EXCITING PLANS

Rome

I HAD not expected to find Ingrid Bergman looking so stunning. She had, as all the world knows, been through a great deal. The scandal that provoked such a violent reaction less than five years ago, caused her profound grief. In that period of time, she had undergone a painful misunderstanding with her daughter, Pia, a second marriage, a custody suit, and the birth of three children—not to speak of a whole new mode of life. I told Ingrid that, though I was delighted by how wonderful she looked, I still couldn't help but be surprised. She was more beautiful than ever, her blue eyes glistened with life, her movements were charged as if by an electric current.

"Perhaps it's the kind of life I lead," she replied with a laugh. "I've become so Italian that sometimes I can hardly believe it myself." As she said it, I could almost believe it. Her blonde hair was cropped short in an attractive Italian mode. For a moment, one might take her for a Milanese or Florentine beauty, particularly when she talked with typical Italian gestures. But only for a moment. With Ingrid's tall and slender frame, her uninhibited, direct manner of walking and moving, she could be no one else but who and what she was.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



Ingrid and Roberto,
son Robertino, twins
Isabella and Isotte.



"I love working with Roberto," says Ingrid, on location site with husband.



Ingrid, who's made four pictures in Italy, checks recording of her voice.



"When Claudette Colbert came here we had such a good time."

INGRID'S ZEST FOR LIVING CONTINUED

"Do you know that after lunch, I simply must have my siesta?" she went on. "Did you ever *hear* of such a thing in Hollywood? That's why I couldn't ask you to drop by before five. I wouldn't have been up to receive you!

"I've willingly succumbed to the Italian way of living. Here, you pause for breath. In fact, here you take time to breathe deeply. You don't have to be running around from one place to another, frantic, to know that you're alive. You don't have to be active, active, active every minute of the day and night to know that you're really in the swim." Ingrid made frantic little gestures with her hands to describe what she meant. "I remember how I felt in America. If I wasn't going mad with things to do, I felt completely left out. Now, I'm relaxed and I'm sure it's good for me."

But didn't the Italian way of life mean big families, I asked? And hadn't I heard rumors that she was again expecting the stork? Ingrid laughed heartily.

"I KNOW where *that* began," she said. "I was in Capri awhile back and one day I put on one of those short, billowing jackets which anybody might take for a maternity type. Before I knew it, everybody was whispering, 'Oh, oh, Bergman's wearing that jacket again,' and giving one another that knowing look. Right away reporters were calling, columnists were predicting. Everybody was all set for me to have another baby—but me!

"Everybody loves babies," Ingrid went on, after we lit up cigarettes. "But not very often have I found the *adoration* for children I've seen here in Italy. When I first came here, of course people stared at me and bothered me. But now? I walk down the street or go shopping. People politely say, 'Buon giorno, Signora Bergman-Rossellini,' and without further ado, ask me about the children. And if I'm *with* the children! Oh!

They talk and coo and cluck and ask me a hundred questions. How is Robertino's health? And are Isabella and Isotte developing properly? Wonderful people I've never heard of clip their photos from the papers and send them to me with warm greetings. They love the children so and casually tolerate me because I just *happen* to be their mother!"

Ingrid asked me if I'd like a cup of coffee—Italian, of course. I said yes and as she rose to summon a maid, I had a chance to study the apartment. Most of the furniture was modern—large, simple wooden chairs and long, comfortable-looking sofas. There were many paintings, mostly modern, and a beaver-board, filled with photographs of the children, leaned against a book shelf. Several of the awards Ingrid won in her notable career were matter-of-factly lined on a half-hidden shelf. On the ledge behind the sofa where Ingrid had been sitting, she had put several colorful Swedish *troll*—pixie-like figures which, according to legend, helped ward off evil.

Ingrid's zest for living, so vivid in every gesture she made and every word she spoke, was heightened because she was in the midst of some exciting plans. She was, of all things, to perform the leading role in an opera this December! Yes, the Ingrid of "Casablanca," "Gaslight," "Saratoga Trunk" and "Notorious" in an opera, and at one of the most demanding opera houses in the world—the San Carlo in Naples. She was so immersed in her plans that she spent a solid hour telling me about them as we sipped coffee.

"When people hear that Ingrid Bergman is going to do an opera, they faint. Who can blame them?" Ingrid asked. "But don't worry, I *don't* sing! The opera, written by the French composer, Arthur Honegger, and called 'Joan Of Arc At The Stake,' calls for huge choruses, trained solo voices and a large orchestra, but the role of *Joan* is spoken.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



"It's so nice to see my friends," says Ingrid, with George Sanders.



With son Robertino. "I've succumbed to the Italian way of life," states Ingrid.



Complete Rossellini family includes Renzo, Roberto's son by former marriage.

Ingrid embraces husband after gruelling auto race. She's all excited about her next venture—the leading role in an opera.





WHY I'VE

Busy Jean at work with Dir. Negulesco, Dorothy McGuire, D. Pozzetto.

"MEN JUST DON'T FIT INTO MY CURRENT SCHEME OF LIVING," SAYS JEAN PETERS

by Frederick Worden

WATCH OUT, Jean Peters. All work and no love make a girl mighty sorry someday.

Why do you work so hard, Jean? Is it solely because your 20th Century-Fox contract keeps you hopping from one picture to another? Or is it some inner compulsion that forces you to work because you're afraid of being left with time on your hands?

Is it an over-active ambition, developed to compensate for fear of losing your heart, that drives you at such a pace?

With one breath, Jean Peters says, "There's no time and no room in my life for love and romance. Men simply don't fit into my current scheme of living."

Then, in the next breath Jean contradicts herself with a statement like this: "I constantly have to fight emotional entanglements. I suffer from a great big overdose of 'romanticism,' and once I feel I'm falling for a guy, I take a strong hold of myself and get away fast. I'm such a perfectionist when it comes to people, especially men, that I'm afraid once I get to know a man too well, I'll discover he's not what I want him to be. Then disillusionment sets in. I guess I prefer to live with my illusions."

"Keeping busy all the time is a kind of self-protection for me," Jean freely confesses. "That way, I can keep my mind (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



Japan's Shirley Temple, Tomoko Matsushima, visits Jean on set. Though against romantic entanglements, Jean loves children.



With Rossano Brazzi in "We Believe In Love." Says Jean, "I love the way Italians stare openly at a woman. It is so frank."

NO TIME FOR LOVE !

Negulesco, Brazzi, Jean, C. Webb, Dottie McGuire, L. Jourdan, Mag McNamara attend Italian press party.





Tony Curtis

TONY'S LETTER TO BOB



Bob Wagner

Bob Wagner, Janet
Leigh as the lovers in 20th's
"Prince Valiant." ►



TONY CURTIS TELLS BOB WAGNER WHAT TO EXPECT WHILE CO-STARRING WITH WIFE JANET LEIGH

DEAR BOB:

Of course I'm off my rocker! Straight out of my Hungarian mind! What I should be doing is writing you a poison pen letter. But here I am green as grass with envy and there you are the luckiest hombre in Hollywood. So? So I'm merely sticking out the well-known neck to help your luck along—yet! Pardon me while I go see my head doctor.

So now we've had the jokes. Seriously speaking, I do envy you, Bob, and I do think you are the luckiest because you're working with my old lady in "Prince Valiant." Remember me—Houdini Schwartz! My two-ton Jenny and I made that picture together, which is why I envy you and your good fortune. I know what's in store for you and can only say—you'll never forget the experience ol' boy.

As you know, Bob, I'm real gone on your new leading lady, so due to circumstances beyond my control a bit of prejudice is bound to creep into this letter. Nevertheless, we men have got to stick together, too! Despite what the experts say, I say it's a woman's world all the way. What do *you* say? Now you know why I'm letting down my crew cut to give you these following inside tips about Janet.

To start out with, Bob, may I suggest that you throw away your little black book. Or at least put it on ice! You're going to need every good night's sleep you can

get, because a day on the set with Janet is like working out with the Los Angeles Rams. Brother, she'll murder you with that energy. She never sits down, or relaxes. In fact, I use to poop out just *watching* her.

As everyone knows, Janet is temperate, Bob, and isn't temperamental. She's still capable of getting out of sorts. When she is you'll know it and you'll know *why* if it has anything to do with you. Unless I miss my guess, however, if she happens to look a little grim around the edges when you work with her, it'll be *my* fault and *not* yours. That look can only mean one of three things, Bob. Either I wouldn't eat my breakfast, didn't put away my paints, or I forgot to park the car right. It can happen here!

The following would never affect you, but it still gives you an insight into Janet's character. You know she can spot a phony, detect a falsehood and think so fast, she mentally edits what you have to say *before* you've said it. So after two-and-a-half years of marriage, wouldn't you think I'd know better than to try and deceive my child-bride? Maybe I just like to live dangerously!

So now for the gruesome details. You know we have a business manager and, naturally, Janet believes one should accept advice when he seeks it out. Me, too—except it would happen that I saw a wonderful suit at Cy Devore's in Hollywood. We were on a strict budget and the man said—mustn't touch. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



Tony warns Bob relaxing is out with Janet. "She'll keep you hopping."



"You'll never forget the experience of working with her."

"When you do those love scenes with Janet," writes Tony, "please don't kiss her *too* hard."



**HALF OF HOLLYWOOD FEELS
LANA TURNER WILL NEVER
CHANGE ALREADY SPOILED LEX BARKER
INTO BECOMING A GOOD
HUSBAND AND FATHER**

by Elsie Lee



Lex, used to his own way, has wealth, social position.

THE TAMING OF TARZAN

I AM NOT a happy man unless I love someone. To love—and be loved in return—I believe is the most important thing in life. Personal relationships, when they are successful and complete, have to come first. Before everything. Even a career.”

Not so long ago, it was in these enlightened words that Lex Barker, whose playing of *Tarzan* off the screen in dress clothes often reflects much of the character of his role in the films, explained his dread of solitude in the sea of humanity. The statement followed his whirlwind courtship and marriage to Lana Turner.

What did Miss Turner have to say in response to this eloquent and obviously sincere analysis of the inner working of his mental and physical make-up? She was, with typical Lana candor, equally explicit and revealing:

“Lex, I think, is the kind of man I have wanted for a long time. I know him to be sincere, kind, generous to a degree, and never without a sympathetic ear for someone else’s problems and worries. And what woman today hasn’t always a problem of some kind?”

“Unlike other men I have known,” Lana goes on, “Lex shows that he isn’t always thinking of himself . . . but that he is always ready and eager with advice and help whenever and wherever it’s needed.”

All this, of course, sounds like an ideal relationship. Lana loves Lex, Lex loves Lana. Lana understands Lex. Lex understands Lana. And that isn’t all:

That inherent male trait of the strong protecting (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)



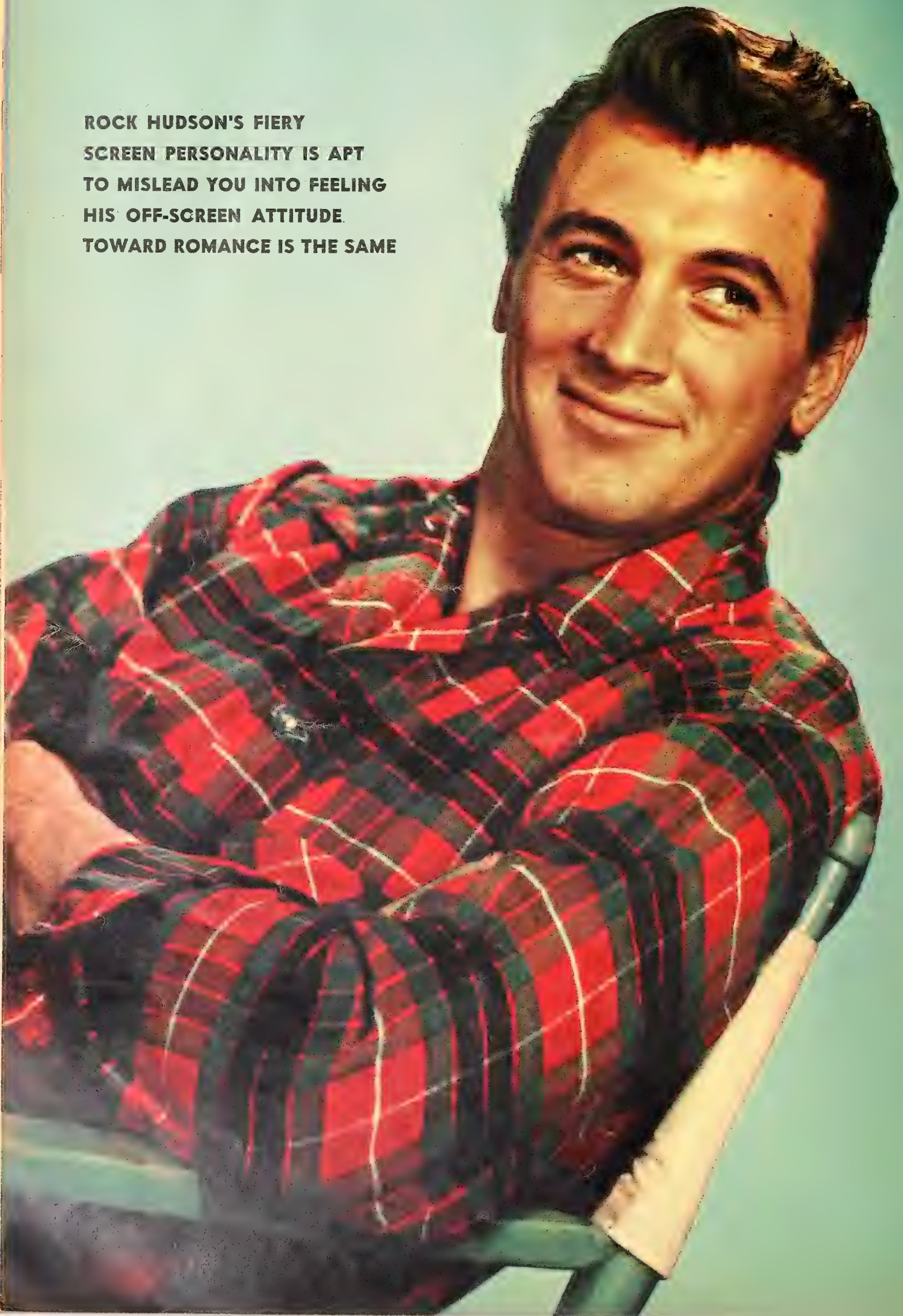
To Lana, Lex is dashing, terribly amusing, always exciting.



“Unlike others I’ve known, Lex doesn’t think only of himself.”

that woman today hasn’t always a
blem of some sort?” declares Lana.

**ROCK HUDSON'S FIERY
SCREEN PERSONALITY IS APT
TO MISLEAD YOU INTO FEELING
HIS OFF-SCREEN ATTITUDE.
TOWARD ROMANCE IS THE SAME**





Clowning with Piper Laurie during pause in production of "The Golden Blade." Rock's great love is still his career.



A flaming scene with Piper. He may seem impassioned, but actually Rock is not governed by his emotions, but logic.

IMPASSIONED ICEBERG

by Vincent Rogers

IN A WORLD where romances run hot one day and cold the next, one actor stays at even temperature. Zero. He is Rock Hudson who, on the screen, looks as if he would gobble up any young girl, but doesn't disguise that he finds her off-screen prototype hard to swallow.

Girls who have been cursorily dated by Rock Hudson are quick to say, "He's shy and uninterested to the point of inarticulateness."

And they'll go on to say, "Rock would rather talk shop than flirt, and when a girl is bold enough to remark on the fact, he pats her arm softly and says, 'Baby, being an actor is a fulltime job, and I'm working all shifts.'"

On the other hand, take a girl who has gone out with him many times because, from the first date, they liked each other on sight—glamorous Yvonne DeCarlo.

She says, "You have to know Rock very well to really understand what he's like. He may seem impassioned, but actually he's an iceberg in disguise."

Be that as it may, Rock Hudson in his familiar guise of a knight in icy armor needs thawing out. That he can be, is evi-

denced by his steady dating with girls like Yvonne DeCarlo, Piper Laurie, Jill Clifford, and Betty Abbott. All four of them find that after a little gentle work at thawing, Rock has a heart that beats like any other man's.

What, then, is Rock's purpose of exploiting the iceberg touch whenever he's in the company of the other sex? Is it that women really leave him cold? Is it that he is so wrapped up in his career that he would rather embrace a script than a pretty girl? Or is it that—when it comes to women—Rock is just plain out-and-out blase?

The answer to all these questions is "No!"

"That seeming coldness of Rock's when he's in the company of members of the other sex," reveals a close friend, "is merely a protective veneer. Although he doesn't explain it to strangers, Rock makes no bones about the fact that women have hurt him twice—and that he still feels the scars."

In ample confirmation of this, was a recent statement to an interviewer by Rock himself. "It's no secret that I fell head-over-heels in (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)



Cautious Rock, hurt twice by women, admits he still feels the scars.

"He's an iceberg in disguise," says Yvonne DeCarlo who's dated him.



I WANT



Tyrone Power and Terry in her latest, "King Of The Khyber Rifles."



Modeling glamour gowns at charity fashion show. Gene Nelson is m.c.

TERRY MOORE DOESN'T WANT TO LEAD THE DOMESTIC LIFE

by Louis Reid

TERRY MOORE, until a year ago, was just another young actress with a pretty face. Then, bang! Hollywood producers suddenly became aware of her physical allure, assigned her to the part of the co-ed in "Come Back, Little Sheba" who has a torrid affair with a college athlete. Terry, from then on, was a celebrity, recognized wherever she went. It was great fun being a movie star. On or off the screen, Terry loved the adulation that went with the life.

Terry, who made the leap from starlet to star with her part in "Sheba," explains, "It was the first time I had a really sexy part, and I was happy about playing it."

There were restrictions, however, to her uninhibitedness.

She started out wearing sweaters in the picture, Terry asserted, but Director Daniel Mann wouldn't let her wear them. She "had to wear blouses and a bra strapped down to lessen the curves."

Because she was portraying a well-bred college girl she could not do the obvious things like casting sly glances or using a sultry voice. She was told merely "to think sexily."

"The only way I could get the idea over was with my eyes," she said.

Terry liked even better her role of the stormy, unrestrained daughter of Fredric March in "Man On A Tightrope."

The picture, filmed in Germany, gave her an emotional part with drama, romance and tragedy all neatly blended. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

TO LIVE LIKE A MOVIE STAR

Stepping out with Nicky Hilton, his famous dad and Margie Millar.



"I don't trust many men," admits career-minded Terry.



"I shouldn't have worked so long in the plane factory," he regrets.

IF I HAD A



Dancing with Ava Gardner at party. "I'd try to understand people better. I was often wrong."



With his wife at swanky premiere. He'd love her even more if possible.

WIF I HAD my life to live over again, I wouldn't make the same mistakes! And yet, the guy who never makes a mistake, never learns anything!"

Those words came from Howard Keel, the six-foot-four handsome star, now being seen in the biggest roles of his career in the high-powered Technicolor musicals, "Kiss Me, Kate" and "Calamity Jane."

In attaining his solid success, Howard suffered through lean and hungry years. It was always a desperate struggle to survive, yet one wonders how he would win success any differently if he were given a chance to live his life over again.

"Well," he answered, turning the question over in his mind, "isn't it too bad we don't already know all the answers as we're starting out? If I had just known then, what it took me years to learn, I would have avoided a lot of mistakes I made. But, who can be so smart? Not Keel! He had to learn the hard way!"

"But knowing what you do know today, if you had to live it all over again, what would you do differently? Let's start with your high school days when you were one of the football stars . . ."

"Hold it right there!" He answered with a twinkle in his blue eyes. "I'd still play football. I'd still fall for all the pretty girls, but I'd do something else, too, which

I didn't have the sense to realize at the time. I'd settle down and give more time to my studies! I'd make myself learn a foreign language—French, Italian, Spanish. When you're young, you think nothing's so important as sports. Well, they are important, but in their place. When I was in New York and studying singing, I realized then that a lot of songs I wanted to sing were written in a foreign language. So what happens? I had to learn the pronunciation of words. It was difficult and took time. I could have saved myself a lot of that time if I had buckled down in high school. I wish young people would realize that, because what you skip eventually has to be made up! Between pictures, now, I try to learn French and Italian. So many movies are being made in Europe and Mexico that it's almost a must to speak a foreign language! But who could tell Keel, the football player, the basketball player, the baseball player, that there was something else besides winning a game and the smiles of the bobby-soxers in the front row!

And then there was Mr. Keel, aircraft worker, whose thrilling baritone voice was still undiscovered as far as Hollywood was concerned, although he was just as handsome and talented in those days as he is today.

"As I look back," he said in reviewing the various aspects of his career, "I shouldn't have worked so long

NOW REACHING THE PEAK OF A BRILLIANT CAREER, HOWARD KEEL READILY ADMITS HE'D MAKE DRASTIC CHANGES IF HE HAD THE CLIMB ALL OVER AGAIN

By Ruth Cummings Rowland

SECOND CHANCE

in the aircraft factory. Sure, it meant 'eating' money,' but I had responsibilities. I should have tried to do other things, too, which were in line with the singing and acting career I wanted. For example, I should have tried to do some work in Little Theatres. I should have tried to read more. Education shouldn't stop just because you're out of school! I know now that I put too much emphasis on making money, and as I look back, I know I wouldn't have starved . . . something always turned up. As a matter of fact, something always did turn up when I was in New York and broke. But these are the things you see when you look back on your life. At the time, all I could think of was making enough money to live!"

Howard, in spite of his brilliant success, has never

quite forgotten the hard years of poverty, those years of deep depression. It is this link to his past that makes him the straightforward, unpretentious, completely honest kind of man he is, who can never quite believe he's considered a "heart throb" and that he's now a top-flight star.

His tastes are still very simple. He still enjoys wall-papering his house or any of his friends' houses, although he will admit he can't do it half as well as his mother does the job. She's an expert, and taught Howard how to make all the patterns come out evenly, no matter how involved they might be.

"He's a guy who takes everything so seriously," one of his friends said recently. "Almost too seriously!"

This is a hangover from his early (CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)

Howard and Kathryn Grayson in "Kiss Me, Kate," one of MGM's big musicals. "I wish I could have laughed more."



With Doris Day in "Calamity Jane," Warners' big hit. "I guess," he says, "people found me rough to get along with."





by Jean Hagen

ONE IS always reading stories about the "little woman" to be found in the background of a great man's success. Sometimes I'm willing to agree with the author's premise, but sometimes I have to smile. Such a situation isn't at all unique. The simple truth is that everyone who achieves any degree of success is indebted to a great many individuals either directly or indirectly.

If there is always a woman or a group of women standing in ghostly phalanx behind a brilliant man, the reverse is also true. Behind every woman who reaches the goal toward which ambition has started her, there is a man or a series of men.

To be frank and personal, I can name six men, offhand, who are or have been strong influences in my life, who have guided my destiny to what, with my latest role opposite Red Skelton in "Half A Hero," I consider some measure of success.

The most powerful influence of all was that exerted by my wonderful father. Very early in life he provided me with a sense of personal security. You see, he was born in Holland and didn't come to this country until he was twenty-five. He made the journey to enable him to study opera with American teachers, because he hoped to become an opera star.

However, he is now and has always been mechanically inclined. Give my father a length of string, a gnarled log, a plane and a set of carving knives and he can build a harp. Or reasonably exact facsimile.

All the rest of the children with whom I went to school were native born Americans, and their parents were too. Therefore, *my* father was a figure of romance and adventure. Oh, the stories he told me. (*Nowadays he insists that most of them were exaggerations or complete fabrications, but what imaginative child could object to that?*)

He told me stories about his boyhood, when he spent his Summers sailing boats on the Zuyder Zee, and when he spent his Winters skating on the frozen canals. I knew the story of Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates long before I was old enough to read the English translation.

As I grew up, I knew exactly at what time the yielding earth first brought forth its Spring tulips in Holland, and when the ice began to crack in the canals. From my father's rollicking songs I had learned

BEHIND EVERY WOMAN THERE'S A MAN

HERE IS A FRANK,
PERSONAL CONFESSION OF THE
PART MEN HAVE
PLAYED IN JEAN'S LIFE

Jean, with Patricia, 3½ and Aric, now who, she feels, will be a future influence



about village festivals and one of my first Christmas presents was a pair of wooden shoes.

I was nurtured within a tradition; I felt myself to be part of a long and glamorous history. Psychologists now know that this is an excellent experience for a child.

My father provided me with other advantages. How he could play the piano! There were five of us children to gather around the living room on blizzard-dark nights and sing. My sister was an alto, I sang soprano, my brothers proved to be, luckily, tenor, baritone, and bass. Naturally, because of his classical background, my father taught us dozens of Wagnerian choruses long before we realized that we had been introduced, painlessly, to great music.

In another of the arts, my father served his children well. He loved and understood the painting of the period and he had brought some of his favorite canvases with him when he came to America. We grew up in constant sight of the work of gifted artists.

In brief, my father provided us with what we came to realize in later years was an excellent cultural education. Actually a cultural education isn't as overpowering a thing as some people would like to make it seem. My father not only supplied the situation, but he supplied a definition: he said that fine music and fine painting, a knowledge of history and legend, and a feeling for the rightness of close family life were avenues to greater life happiness.

My father was not an easy, indulgent man. He set high goals for us. If I brought home a report card on which there were six A's and one B, he would place his forefinger on that B and inquire earnestly, "Why is this?" For a girl who hoped to become an actress, this early association with a perfectionist was the best possible training.

Not only did he expect us to excel in anything we undertook, he wanted us to undertake anything that caught our interest. I remember that the little girl who lived next door to us could turn the most astonishing cartwheels I had ever seen.

When she swooped around, she was as rigid as a broomstick (*and not much thicker*) and she could continue to turn for what seemed to me to be hours. I was impressed.

"You could do it, too," my father said.

I shook my head. It looked like a minor miracle to me.

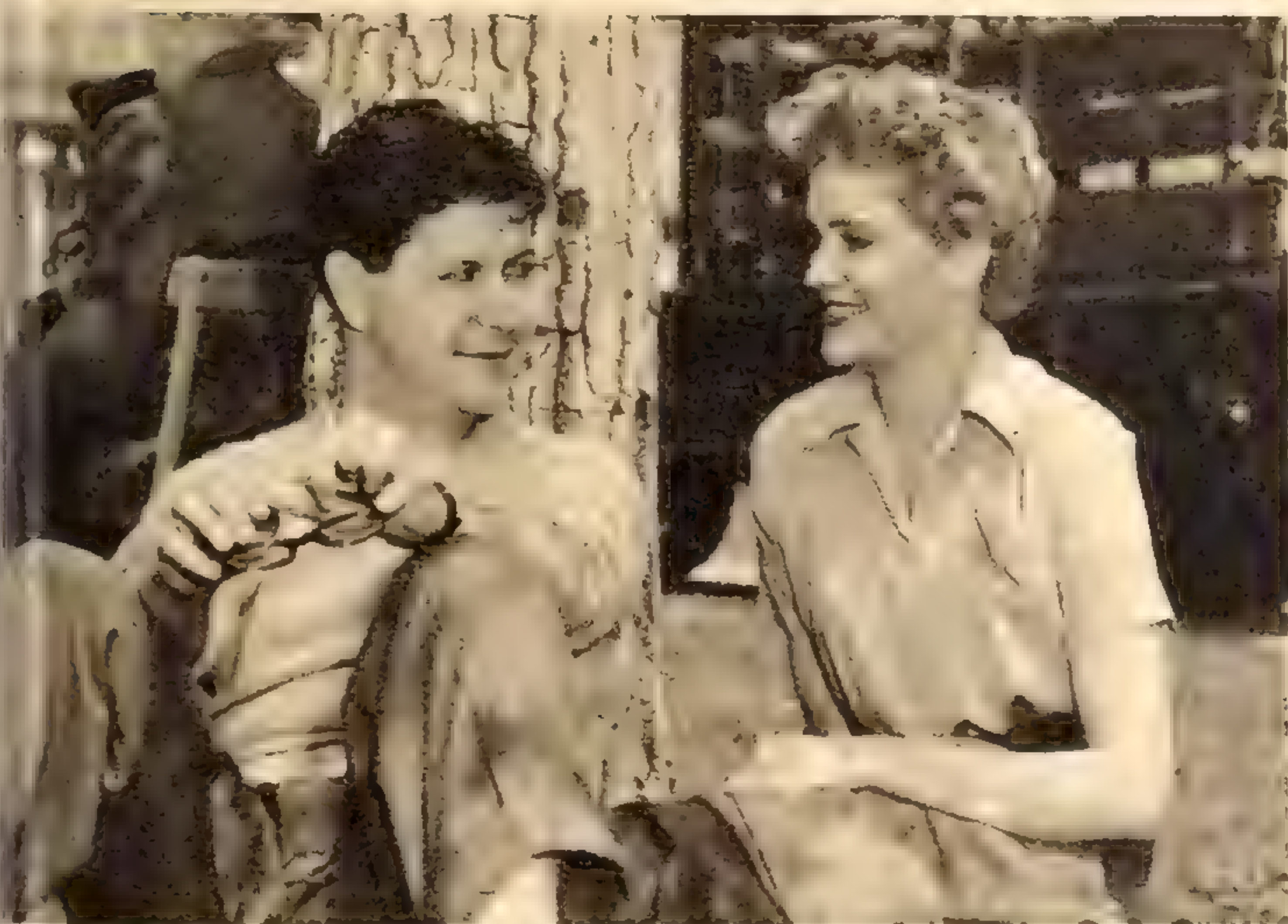
Carefully he explained the technique. "Anyone can do it. I can do it," he announced, and only the peremptory call of my mother from the kitchen stopped him from trying it. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)



"The most powerful influence of all was exerted by my wonderful father."



With screen husband, Red Skelton, and son, Hugh Corcoran, of "Half A Hero."



Jean relaxes with Director Don Weis between scenes of "Half A Hero." She is married to agent Tom Seidel.



Lunchtime in the MGM commissary finds Jean sharing a table with Janet Leigh.

NO WONDER



Debbie Reynolds and Rita Hayworth guesting on "Toast Of The Town." Ed, himself, hires talent.



Margaret Truman was guest on Ed's \$60,000 a week hour show. Early days of TV gave Ed headaches.



New star Audrey Hepburn goes over script before performance. "Toast" is now smoothest TV show.



I HAVE AN ULCER!

"EVEN NOW, I'M NOT RELAXED, BUT I'M BETTER," SAYS ED SULLIVAN

By Robert Perkins

Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart. "Remember, didn't want to be a performer," insists Ed.



Ed supervising Gene Autry lighting effects for his act. Ed supervises all rehearsals, helps produce, direct.



Ed Benzell, Met opera star, so loved working Ed, she helped him get Margaret Truman.



AN ULCER is the badge of office (*worn out of sight*) of laborers in the television vineyards.

And the biggest, best-known badge belongs to the laborer named Edward Vincent Sullivan.

Edward Vincent is also Ed Sullivan, the Broadway columnist, and producer, master of ceremonies, man of all work, of the Sunday evening CBS "Toast Of The Town" program.

Why should ulcers be an occupational hazard connected with signing beautiful dancers, or saying: "Our next act is . . ."? Bing Crosby is supposed to have said that any smart dog could be an emcee, especially if he could manage to point to the next act. But it ain't true.

Ed doesn't have time to bark, because his is a nerve-racking, tension-loaded grind—subject always to the whims of a stop watch, plus the violent explosions that are part and parcel of a mixture of art and business.

Part and parcel of this ulcer-loaded trade is the need to be ever on your toes, lest you miss a timely anything for the show. "I dig up acts," said Ed, putting his tired toes on a fancy coffee table in his hotel suite, "decide what to pay them, what to do with them—as well as supervising rehearsals, and a few odd chores. But my conscience bothers me—I've never offered to sweep up. . . ."

There's no conceit here. "Our program has succeeded," Ed went on, "mainly because we have a marvelous organization back of it. Marlo Lewis, my co-producer, Johnny Wray, the director, and Ray Bloch, the musical director, are all top-notch men, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)

Surrounded by gorgeous Toastettes. "We have a marvelous organization."





Traveling through the East for Dick Haymes' singing dates in principal cities, Rita Hayworth and Dick busily denied to the press that he was on the payroll of Rita's Beckworth Corporation. But it certainly isn't Dick's money that pays their expenses.

Danton Walker's



HOLLYWOOD ON

Though calmly sipping a drink here, Zsa Zsa Gabor wasn't so serene at "21" party when a guest gossiped about her mother.



RITA HAYWORTH and Dick Haymes heatedly denied that Dick was on the Beckworth Corporation payroll for \$1,000 weekly—the Beckworth organization being owned by Rita. Confirmed or denied, it's still a fact that all the Haymes-Hayworth travel and living expenses in the East were paid for by the Beckworth Corporation, and the amounts totalled in the thousands . .

Vanessa Brown, the "Seven Year Itch" star, has been besieged with lecture offers ever since her discourse at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., on "Sex On Broadway." Vanessa, one-time Hollywood "innocent," can't stop her sex appeal campaign that began almost a year ago. It should be pointed out, however, that her planned "talks" will not only be intimate and revealing, but will mostly concern Hollywood stars. Could be Vanessa's lectures will boomerang—the motion picture industry doesn't

like the idea and Vanessa's return to Hollywood may be a long, long way off . . .

Leslie Caron finally took a hint and stocked up on a new wardrobe before leaving New York for Paris. Her local MGM bosses were getting worried over Leslie's sloppy appearances at the swank spots. She was almost unrecognizable at Idlewild Airport as she departed for Gay Paree looking like a big-time movie star. Autograph hounds, who had followed her around town, got the surprise of their lives when they saw the transformation from *Lili* to a femme fatale. The Caron fans hope she'll continue with her new chicness—so do the MGM executives who peeled off a roll of bills to foot the glamour costs . . .

BROD CRAWFORD got the brush from local stage and screen stars when he arrived from England. Dinner party and cocktail soiree invitations were few and far between for the actor who was once so popular with his fellow-players. Crawford went pub-crawling on his own, but avoided the more elegant places in New York so as not to run into other Hollywood visitors . . .

Greer Garson disappointed so many of her fans and friends during her Gotham stopover en route to Europe when she insisted upon wearing the same white blouse and black skirt everywhere she went on her nightly rounds of the El Morocco-Stork Club-21 circuit. Rather than appear in a fetching Helen Rose gown, she adopted



It's hard to believe rumors that Eleanor Parker and Robert Taylor are in love, with Ursula Thiess still in the picture.



Vanessa Brown's lectures on sex may boomerang as far as her screen career goes, but she's still popular with servicemen.

BROADWAY

AT WORK OR AT PLAY VISITING HOLLYWOOD CELEBRITIES CAN SET EVEN SOPHISTICATED NEW YORKERS BACK ON THEIR HEELS

"The Queen," Joan Crawford, can put the social hex on anyone who takes pot shots at her—as Mike and Liz Wilding found.



the black-and-white ensemble and even the fact that checkroom girls at several of the night clubs wore almost identical "uniforms," didn't stop the glamorous Greer from wearing hers . . .

There's no love lost between Joan Crawford and the Michael Wildings (*Elizabeth Taylor*) and La Crawford's justified claims that Mike and Liz went just a little too far during the filming of "Torch Song" with their printed remarks about "The Queen Of Hollywood," will, in time, react unfavorably for the Wildings. The Wildings have already slipped, socially speaking, in Hollywood. Taking crack shots at the Queen—that's Crawford—can only lead to one thing—trouble. In New York the Wildings found themselves missing out on several top social affairs and the reason their invitations were not forthcoming was traced back to the hard-working Joan Crawford, who let it be known the Wildings were (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

CONTINUED

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY



The Monique Van Vooren-Steve Cochran thing blew up after some unique dates.

no longer welcome at her Brentwood estate. Gothamites "got the message" . . .

ZSA ZSA GABOR stormed out of an elaborate cocktail party at "21" when another guest loudly proclaimed the fact that Jolie Gabor (Zsa Zsa's celebrated mother) had undergone plastic surgery for a face lift. Zsa Zsa, hurling a few insults in her native Hungarian tongue, picked up a champagne cooler at the same time, but apparently thought better of the idea and flounced out instead, neither denying nor confirming the statement. If it's any consolation to Zsa Zsa, "Mama Jolie" never looked better these days, with or without a face lift, ever since

her return from Paris (where the plastic surgery was supposed to have taken place) . . .

Edward G. Robinson and Geraldine Brooks were among the many celebrities on hand at the Little Studio art gallery on Madison Avenue when Gary Merrill walked in with a canvas painted by his wife, Bette Davis. Art critics Robinson and Brooks automatically bid for the Davis oil—at first in fun, then seriously. The painting, not for sale, was exhibited for one hour only and its merits were praised by David Wayne, Eleanor Parker, Fredric March, Louis Jourdan, Maureen O'Sullivan and Nanette Fabray . . .

The Steve Cochran-Monique Van Vooren merger will not come off. During their hectic courtship in Gotham they were inseparable, but the minute Steve dated another beauty on the side after a date with Monique, the Van Vooren lass did the same thing. The whole thing blew up when they ran into each other at a Greenwich Village cafe with other dates after saying goodnight to each other a few hours earlier . . .

JOHAN LUND and his beautiful wife, Marie, are fighting the separation rumors. Instead of ignoring them, Lund gets fighting mad every time the reports start. On a few occasions pals had to talk him out of socking a local newshound every time they met. The scribe, who began circulating the stories as fact, was tipped off on

Lund's feelings in the matter and has been carefully avoiding another run-in with the actor . . .

Steve Forrest met Jennifer Jones for the first time at the Stork Club before the handsome young actor left for Europe. It won't be their first and final meeting. Having had "So Big" screened for herself privately, Jennifer was so impressed with Forrest's on-screen performance in the Jane Wyman film she immediately sent word out to her agent that she wants young Forrest in her next movie. To date, Mrs. David O. Selznick has always had her own way in the matter of casting on her pictures . . .

The Broadway Buzz had it that Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas had decided to end their highly publicized romance when Arlene flew East to appear opposite Jose Ferrer in the Broadway stage revival of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The reports of a rift circulated like wildfire when Earl Blackwell, president of Celebrity Service, met The Dahl at the airport and they embraced affectionately. Earl and Arlene are old friends—dating back to the days when she was Mrs. Lex Barker. Further, it was "Cupid" Blackwell who introduced Ginger Rogers to Jacques Bergerac; Olivia de Havilland to Pierre Galante. In the case of Dahl and Lamas, Earl didn't introduce them to each other, but he has certainly been on hand to help keep this romance going. He's Arlene's steady escort in Gotham (CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)



Margaret O'Brien, with George Jessel, should soft-pedal the "glamour" antics.



Jennifer Jones and David Selznick have their eyes on a new leading man for her.



Maggi McNellis

LORETTA YOUNG and Tyrone Power, once co-stars when Ty was the Number One Box-Office star at 20th Century-Fox, may team up for a series of video shows based on their individual experiences with movie fans through the years. The shows' format would have both stars recreating various episodes—their most embarrassing moments, the most humorous, the most surprising incidents relating to their meeting and talking to their fans. The series, now at the talking stage, would be filmed in Italy and sent back to the U.S. for televising after Ty completes his cross-country tour in "John Brown's Body." The telefilms would have to be made in Rome sometime early next Summer before Ty begins making some full-length films for his own movie company there, and Loretta goes before the cameras once again for her "Letters To Loretta" TV series which continues indefinitely . . .

Donald O'Connor, by failing to show up for appointments with top-flight press people, particularly after apologizing and making a new appointment, then breaking that one without any explanations, is in trouble with the very people who have been his greatest friends. Whatever Don's problems are, and he has (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz take time out from their busy schedule to do their bit on the City of Hope telethon. ▶



MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

By MAGGI McNELLIS

**LISTENING IN ON WHAT'S
GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES
IN TELEVISION—NEWS, VIEWS
AND DELECTABLE BITS OF GOSSIP**



Donald O'Connor, with Lauren Bacall at TV rehearsal, is in bad with the press. ▶

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE CONTINUED



Ruth Gilbert, Wally (*Mr. Peepers*) Cox, Milton Berle and Tallulah Bankhead, a riotous quartet on Berle's TV show.

several apparently, he really must get himself straightened out with the many scribes he's offended . . .

Joan Crawford has had more bids to make TV films than any other major screen star since her memorable performance in "Because I Love You" for the Revlon Mirror Theatre. In Arizona, on the rugged location for her latest picture, "Johnny Guitar"—a Western type film—she got lonesome for her two youngest daughters, the twins, Cathy and Cynthia. So the kids—they're seven years old—were packed up and transported to Sedona, Arizona, for a weekend with their devoted mother. They hardly recognized their glamorous Mom in her specially tailored Western clothes. Joan's fabulous boots—she had a dozen pairs custom-made in more colors than there are in Jello—were duplicated for the two Crawford youngsters in matching colors. Upon her return to the Crawford mansion in Brentwood, California, in time for the re-telecast of "Because I Love You," Joan invited a few of her more intimate friends—one hundred in all—to a lavish dinner party to follow the second showing of the Revlon production. The Crawford guests attended the black tie affair, with hostess Joan and her twins greeting the invited guests in pale blue party frocks complete with matching cowgirl boots . . .

KATHRYN MURRAY has offered to pay \$25,000 to Gene Nelson and Jane Powell for a ten-minute guest appearance on the Arthur Murray TV show. A medley of songs and dances made famous by them in their individual films before they teamed up in the recent "Three Sailors And A Girl" would be worth the hefty fee, says hostess Kathryn Murray. But MGM hasn't given Jane the nod to do TV and besides they want her to tone down the romance with Gene. Gene, who has been making



Ozzie Nelson sees to it that 17-year-old son, David, a star of the Nelson TV show, has normal high school boy's life

guest appearances on TV, may depart for New York for a thirteen weeks stint on "Your Show Of Shows" if the matter of billing and salary can be straightened out.

Greer Garson broke the sound-and-sight barrier on her "Toast Of The Town" and "What's My Line?" guesting. A flock of video offers came flooding her way before she left New York for Europe. She's had to turn them down—MGM said no to her too.

June Allyson has been quietly taking ballet lessons from one of the best, young choreographer-stage stars, Bill Skipper, with an eye toward a Broadway musical and a very—but *very*-secret TV deal which hubby Dick Powell would not only direct, but also produce. He won't appear in it, however. According to Bill Skipper, June has developed amazing techniques in the difficult art of the ballet and her emergence as a TV star, one equipped to dance ballet, is something to sit back and wait for . . .

TONY MARTIN again had to change his private telephone number at home after he inadvertently gave his number to Art Linkletter during the course of his visit on the Linkletter show "House Party." Thinking he was out of camera range and not on the microphones, Tony reeled off his home number. His telephone never stopped ringing during the week that followed . . .

Marion Marlowe will remain a "Little Godfrey" but Lu Ann Sims may follow in the footsteps of Julius La Rosa by striking out on her own. In the case of Lu Ann, she will be given the complete support of her discoverer, Godfrey, in her planned personal appearances at leading vaudeville theatres and night clubs throughout the country. The Sims career as a solo performer away from the

Godfrey program will be "guided" by Godfrey himself. Lu Ann is still committed, contractually, to the Arthur Godfrey Corporation and he will pass final judgment on the theatres and cafes bidding for her services. The Lu Ann agreement with Arthur Godfrey has another eighteen months to run without options! . . .

Ann Rutherford, former screen star, is planning a TV series to be produced by her Very Own—Bill Dozier. As soon as Bill completes the first group of Ella Raines filmed programs for Motion Pictures for Television, Inc.—the telefilms are called, "Janet Dean, Registered Nurse"—he'll concentrate on Ann's video project. This will give the newlyweds some time together. They haven't had much of a honeymoon since their wedding—what with Ann guesting on major TV shows in New York (first one was "Leave It To The Girls") and Bill so busy with the Ella Raines productions out on Long Island at the Marion Parsonet studios . . .

DONALD WOODS, the "Orchid Award" emcee, is seen on TV by more people each week than the personalities who are honored on his show—the reason being more than twenty motion pictures he made in past years in Hollywood, which are now travelling the channel circuits. The "Orchid Award" host couldn't be more unhappy over this. There's no stopping the film showings either and so he just has to compete with himself. On one night, three of his early pictures were shown consecutively on the same channel while he appeared on another in "Orchid Award" . . .

Groucho Marx and George Feneman, the "You Bet Your Life" team, deny they'll split, with Feneman going his separate way. They share a contract with their sponsor that ties them together for the next two years. Rumors about Feneman leaving Groucho started when the privately-produced Feneman show, "Your Claim To

Fame" on the West Coast was being considered for a national network. For those not "in the know"—it was Groucho Marx who helped Feneman get his own show rolling . . .

Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd is another TV favorite who'll try his hand at something new on TV—something new for him, that is. A fifteen-minute musical program in which he'll sing and dance, in white tie and tails and a black silk topper, with nary a hint of his "Hoppy" characterization. It will be a one-time appearance for Bill as a song-and-dance man—and one we'll all be waiting to see . . .

Alice Pearce, stage, screen and TV comedienne, fractured recent viewers with her hilarious night club routines on such shows as "The Stork Club" and "This Is Show Business." The one prop she used that garnered the biggest laughs was a moth-eaten raccoon coat given to her by screen star Debbie Reynolds, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)



Tyrone Power and Loretta Young, who have appeared together in films, may do new TV series.



Jackie Gleason forgets about calories when tempted by sweets in Pump Room of Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel.



Tennis players Diana Powell, Charles Farrell, Ed Gardner, Mrs. Don Budge choose their partners.



Straighten

Terry Moore, currently starring in the 20th Century-Fox film, "King Of The Khyber Rifles," models this attractive vacation wardrobe. Sold at most VARIETY Stores.

1. United Air Lines for luxury travel! GRANT'S nylon topper for elegance! KRESGE'S luggage for style! Coat about \$25. White, coral, blue, pink, beige. 10/16. The train case, \$3.79. The large bags about \$5. Luggage comes in blue and brown.

2. Romper check bathing suit W. T. GRANT. 32/38. \$5.98. Red, pink, blue, brown. Bathing cap 69¢. BEN FRANKLIN, SCOTT Stores.

3. GRANT'S terry cloth shorts \$2.98. Matching top \$1.98 in blue or red with white. Sun glasses 29¢. BEN FRANKLIN, SCOTT Stores.

4. Wide stripe long sleeve shirt in red, green, maize. \$1.98 at H. L. GREEN. 32/38. McLELLAN has these pedal pushers \$1.98. 12/18.

5. Seated comfortably in a United Air Line plane, Terry wears a check long sleeve tailored shirt. GREEN'S. Red, green, maize. 32/38. \$1.98.

6. For sun-worshippers! GRANT'S 2-piece play set for \$2.98. Jewel tone colors with B-cup proportioned top, shorts 10/16. Beach towel \$1.98. BEN FRANKLIN, SCOTT Stores. Skol sun tan lotion.

Photos by Erwin Lang



Up And Fly Light



SCREENLAND VARIETY VALUES (CONT'D)

7. Wavy stripe sailcloth whistle-back shorts! Whistle tied to back pocket. 12/18. \$1.59.

Assorted colors. McLELLAN'S.

In white only, a sleeveless middy with sailor collar.

\$1.98. Sizes 12/18.

8. Sport denim walking shorts with saddle stitch trim \$1.98, 12/18. Matching boned top \$1.00—12/20. Mix or match with a choice of colors

at VARIETY Stores. Belt 59¢.

BEN FRANKLIN, SCOTT Stores.



9. Terry at United's ticket office in a percale print dress, patent leather belt. In black, green or red with white. \$3.98 12/20—16½/24½. MURPHY'S.

10. In charcoal, black or navy, tapered pants with embroidered scroll; fitted bodice with tie shoulder. Sizes 12/18. A combination outfit for \$4.98.

11. Denim pants in black and pink or black with white \$2.98. 10 to 18. Man-tailored shirt \$2.98. 32/38 in white, gold, red, brown, black. GRANT'S.



RECORD ROUNDUP

The "Jane Pickens Show"
is heard coast-to-coast
six times a week,
on the NBC Radio Network
Monday through Friday,
2:45—2:55 P.M. EST.
and Thursday,
10:35—11:00 P.M. EST.



by JANE PICKENS

Tops In Movie Music

ALFRED NEWMAN's album of "The Robe" for Decca . . . MGM's "Kiss Me, Kate" album, starring Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller and Andre Previn . . . Richard Hayman's "Sadie Thompson's Song," from "Sadie Thompson," and "Drive In" for Mercury . . . Leo Diamond's "Sadie Thompson's Song," from "Sadie Thompson," and "On The Mall" for Ambassador . . . Bing Crosby's "Changing Partners" and "Y'All Come" for Decca . . . Frank Sinatra's "South Of The Border," from film of same name,

and "I Love You" for Capitol . . . Artie Wayne's "Bellissima," from film of same name, and "My Hymn To Her" for Mercury . . . Bill Lee's "Soothe My Lonely Heart" and "Shenandoah," both from "Escape From Fort Bravo" for MGM . . . "Joey's Theme" and "Coney Island," both from "The Little Fugitive," by Eddy Manson-Norman Leydon for Columbia . . . Le Roy Holmes' "The Lately Song," from "Three Girls And A Sailor," and "Brazil" for MGM . . . Victor's "Glenn Miller" album . . . Dave Rose's "Joey's Theme," from "Little Fugitive," and "The River Seine" for MGM . . .

Other Toppers

TONY BENNETT'S "Why Does It Have To Be Me" and "Stranger In Paradise" for Columbia . . . Jackie Gleason's "Golden Violins" and "Mystery Street" for Capitol . . . Columbia's Liberace album, "Concertos For You" . . . Fran Warren's "If I Could Have You Back Again" and "It's Anybody's Heart" for MGM . . . "The Jones Boy" and "She Was Five And He Was Ten" by the Mills Brothers for Decca . . . Eddie Fisher's "Oh! My Papa" and "Until You Said Goodbye" for Victor . . . Al Martino's "Sweetheart Of Mine" and "Before" for Capitol . . . "Under Paris Skies" and "I Love Paris" by Georgia Gibbs for Mercury . . . Jill Corey's "Robe Of Calvary" and "Minneapolis" for Columbia . . . "Stranger In Paradise" and "Heart Of My Heart" by the Four Aces for Decca . . . Tony Martin's "Stranger In Paradise" and "I Love Paris" for Victor . . . Dinah Shore's "Changing Partners" and "Think" for Victor . . . Jan August's "Petite Ballerina" and "Prince Igor" for Mercury . . . "Midnight In Vermont" and "Why Tell A Lie" by Jerri Adams for Columbia . . . Vera Lynn's "Don't Leave Me Now" and "You Won't Forget Me" for London . . .

Grab Bag

LES ELGART'S "Sophisticated Swing" album for Columbia . . . Bill Snyder's "Swinging On A Star" and "Star Eyes" for Decca . . . "I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me" and "Boogie Woogie Maxixe" by the Ames Brothers for Victor . . . Vaughn Monroe's "Guessing" and "Redwood Smoke" for Victor . . . Bing & Gary Crosby's "Down By The Riverside" and "What A Little Moonlight Can Do" for Decca . . . Les Baxter-Betty Reilly's "Magdalena" and "Brazilian Baion" for Capitol . . . Bernice Parks' "Fas-I-Nay-Shun" and "Blue Reverie" for Mercury . . .

END



Bing Crosby has another solid hit in "Changing Partners" for Decca.



As Ann Blyth phones hubby, Fernando Lamas, Director Le Roy and Howard Keel, on "Rose Marie" location, eavesdrop. You'll be hearing an album of this great musical.



Shortly after Lili St. Cyr startled Hollywood with her sensational night club act at Ciro's, she was signed to make films.

By Dee Phillips

Dale Robertson woos Lili in the 3-D "Son Of Sinbad."

do women HATE or ENVY LILI?



WHEN beautiful Lili St. Cyr ceased undressing in burlesque theatres and night clubs and pulled herself up by her G-string to Hollywood eminence, she sharpened the critical reaction that has long been manifest among the womenfolk of the country.

Blonde, long-legged Lili, however, merely shrugs her shapely shoulders, smiles her sultry smile, conscious that her physical charms continue to be enthusiastically appreciated by MEN.

Something of a philosopher is the 34-year-old Lili, who has trained herself in the wiles of Carmen and Cleopatra.

She can afford to be patient and tolerant toward her own sex, because she attracts the ardent approval of the opposite one.

Like all the temptresses of the ages—off stage and on—she knows she arouses the envy, even the hate, of women.

No girl, no matter how convincingly she conveys her innate demureness, can expect to win the ayes—or the eyes—of women if she makes physical allure her stock-in-trade.

Lili only hopes it is envy rather than hate that her particular specialty creates in her sisters.

A buxom bundle of bare skin is Lili St. Cyr, and she insists she was neither nude nor lewd when she gave night club and burlesque customers an eyeful.

Now that she has transferred her art to the screen, making two G's a week cash money in the process for her Technicolor debut in RKO's "Son Of Sinbad," she has said farewell to burlesque.

"I've done my bit for burlesque, I've served my time—that leaves me out," she said at her last burlesque engagement in Los Angeles.

To the films she now brings the sizzling dances which once served to heat drafty burlesque house stages. But there are, of course, exceptions in her routine. Not a bump or a grind does she offer in her screen impersonations.

What certain something does Lili possess that other less triumphant clothes-shedding queens seem to lack?

It will come as a surprise to her feminine

Lili's broad philosophy of life is apt to be controversial among most women.

DOES RESENTMENT OF
UNINHIBITED AND EXOTIC LILI
ST. CYR COME FROM
SHAPELESS WOMEN WHO'D
LOVE TO BE AS DARING AND
EXCITING AS SHE?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)

**FOR LEG LOVELINESS,
PAMPER THEM AS DANCING
STAR ALLYN McLERIE DOES**

by Elizabeth Lapham



WALK IN BEAUTY



WHEN we saw dancer Allyn McLerie in "Phantom Of The Rue Morgue," we couldn't help realizing what a good thing most of us miss by not paying more attention to the way we look below the knees. A dancer's legs and feet are her "fortune" as far as we are concerned and most of us let it go at that. Our complacency is a crime of sorts and would prompt any professional to ask "how stupid can you be?" To be sure, the phrase is just another wise-crack, but stop and think a minute and you'll have to admit it's true. It really isn't very bright not to "put your best foot forward"—particularly when it's shod in an open shoe and attached to a leg that is substantially displayed because of the newly-shortened skirts!

There are things you can do to improve the situation and they'll pay off in two ways. First, you'll look prettier because you've beautified the localized territory. Second, you'll look prettier because you've removed the discomforts that cause so much fatigue and its resulting careworn expression.

So, let's get down to the business of foot health, as a starter. Oddly enough, just a few common-sense procedures can make a world of difference. For one, be sure to give yourself the benefit of a daily soap-and-water treatment. For some unaccountable reason, there are more pores to the square inch on the soles of the feet than on any other part of the body. Use a good, mild,



Allyn, in "Phantom Of The Rue Morgue," treats rough spots with cream saturated cotton Cellophane-taped on overnight.

complexion soap like Sweetheart and work it into an abundant lather. Massage the lather between your toes conscientiously, then rinse. But don't think that's all there is to it; the drying is immensely important. After you've done your best with a towel, smooth on a bit of Fresh Cream Deodorant, then sprinkle on a liberal dusting of one of the Dr. Scholl Foot Powders, before you dress. After that, *please*, put on a *fresh* pair of stockings and be sure they're the *right* size. This all may sound elementary, but we wouldn't be putting it down again if there weren't still far too many foot ills that can be attributed to the neglect of just these few essentials. Of course, if you have to undo the accumulated miseries of years of neglect, we can only wish you God-speed, and tell you that your greatest help will probably come from the innumerable, and very specific remedies that are available almost everywhere in the Dr. Scholl foot-health aids. No one else seems to have concentrated quite so effectively—because no one else has a useful preparation or appliance designed to cope with almost every foot problem.

Once you've accepted the fact that maintaining foot health is an important part of your essential beauty routine, you're well on your way toward raising your whole glamour-rating. At this point you can put some beautifying tips to really good use. Cleopatra, you know, tinted the soles of her feet with henna to charm Julius

Caesar. In 1954 we don't go quite that far, but we do know that a good pedicure with nail make-up is a valuable asset. The trick is to make the pedicure as thorough a job as your regular manicure. Don't skimp on the preliminaries. Remember too, that you're supposed to trim toe nails straight across if you intend to avoid hazards like in-growing nails. Make sure that the cuticle is neat, and be careful to take off all the old nail polish before you put on a fresh coat. For this, you'll find that Q-Tips cotton swabs, on the new longer length sticks, are especially helpful. Then use a nail lacquer that will *last* until your next pedicure. The Dura-Gloss formula seems to have licked this particular problem very neatly.

To improve the looks of your legs you first have to get used to the idea of grooming them. This means de-fuzzing them regularly so that they look attractive all the time and not just on special occasions. If you're not very handy with a razor (*and many women aren't*), you can do the job with Imra, a smooth white cream depilatory. It only takes a very few minutes and, of course, completely eliminates any possibility of nicking yourself. If, on the other hand, you *are* handy with a razor, you'll be cheered to know that Dorothy Gray has a new lotion called "Hosemetics" that does double-duty because you can also use it in place of shaving soap and water. Hosemetics primary purpose, however, is to keep your legs smooth and chap free, and in that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

Try Allyn's way of relaxing for a few minutes—you'll be pleased with the results.





Marilyn Monroe welcomes King Paul of Greece to 20th Century-Fox Studios as Queen Frederika and Studio Chief Spyros Skouras complete a happy foursome.

DOROTHY KILGALLEN'S EXCLUSIVE MOVIE GOSSIP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

Gene and Betsy Kelly continue to deny the separation-but-no-divorce rumors, but some of their more intimate friends insist this is one Hollywood marriage that can't possibly last through 1954 . . .

Terry Moore, who has been paired off with Scott Brady, Nicky Hilton, Rock Hudson, Howard Hughes, Wally Seawell, Bob Wagner and Lawrence Harvey in the plushier Hollywood night spots, actually prefers to make her nightly rounds in nearby Reseda, a small Valley community, with a pair of studio employees (an assistant art director and an electrician) whenever her One and Only, a soon-to-be-divorced script writer, leaves town for business conferences in New York . . .

Marlon Brando created quite a sensation at a gala ball held at the Hotel Plaza in Gotham by being so un-Marlon Brandoish. He came with Movita, neatly attired in a conservative blue suit, danced dutifully with all the ladies at his table—and surprised observers with his ability to glide from samba to tango to waltz with the footwork of a professional. He was sweet to the photographers, too . . .

Those who have heard Jose Ferrer sing since he started studying seriously say it's remarkable—he warbles like an opera star. Along the Ferrer Front it should also be reported that the movie career of Mrs. Ferrer (Rosemary Clooney) has been—to most of her fans—disappointing . . .

Several of Lana Turner's more cynical

friends have organized a pool—to which each have contributed \$100—on the duration of her marriage to Lex Barker. The total amount of the money being held in escrow would amaze you . . .

The stork cancelled the scheduled visit to the Jack Palances the very day his option to star in the film biography of Jack Dempsey was dropped . . .

Martha Raye is seriously thinking about resuming her screen career in-between TV commitments—her return to the Hollywood kleig lights would take place early in June. Her ex-husband, Nick Condos, is something else she may resume with. Her West Coast pals hope it isn't so. They blame Condos for her lack-lustre movie work of some years back . . .

The attempts to film the life story of Johnny Weissmuller—now too fat to play himself—hit a snag when relatives of the late Lupe Velez cautioned producers Bill Pine and Bill Thomas they would be unable to depict Lupe in the film without official family approval. There are more than twenty persons related to the fiery actress, who took her own life after a tragic love affair that followed her divorce from Johnny . . .

If Marilyn Maxwell and Jerry Davis haven't married by the time you read this, they will—any edition. They'll probably elope . . .

A former secretary-companion to Denise Darcel served the actress with a sum-

mons and will soon begin a courtroom battle charging Denise with defamation of character, among other things. The legal fireworks are scheduled to explode late in February, unless the matter can be settled out of court . . .

The advance reports on Ed "Archie" Gardner's new MPTV telefilms series, "Duffy's Tavern," are all raves. "Archie" comes to TV with his hilarious comedy antics AND more sex appeal than anyone expected, least of all Ed Gardner. Paramount Pictures want him for their "Big Telecast Of 1954"—the new annual musical they'll make with every top star on their lot, and that includes Crosby, Hope and Alan Ladd . . .

It may not be very glamorous, but if and when Marilyn Monroe becomes Mrs. Joe DiMaggio she'll be the wife of the vice prexy of a large and very profitable macaroni factory—and one of its biggest shareholders . . .

The fracas that occurred in Hollywood between Sarah Churchill and a waiter at one of the Sunset Boulevard Strip's more popular meeting places, Hamburger Hamlet, caused the cancellation of a very elegant cocktail soiree which was to honor the actress. The Prince and Princess Alexis Thurn-Taxis, who had planned hosting the affair, junked the party on short notice. The British Colony in Hollywood—the Stewart Grangers, the James Masons and the Cary Grants, among the many—felt their fellow-member, Sarah, was within her rights to behave as she did at the all-night eatery. Most of the Beverly Hills "regulars," however, felt otherwise about the matter and the cocktails-and-canapes camp has been divided ever since . . .

It's refreshing, to say the least, to find there's a new up-and-coming screen actor with the unusually simple name of John Smith. In a town seething with contrived monickers such as Rock, Rory, Tab and Race, this is really a departure. Funniest gag along the Mocambo-La Rue-Romanoff circuit has it another young actor being groomed for stardom, is being kept under wraps—his name—Stark Naked . . .

Steve Cochran won't marry until early next year—no matter what you hear to the contrary—and his new wife will not be Monique Van Vooren. Steve has his bride already picked out—she's a non-professional, currently in Rome, Italy, and the ex-wife of a titled nobleman. His rivals consider him very lucky—she's not only very wealthy, she's very beautiful . . .

Corinne Calvet presented her hairdresser with a pure bred Angora kitten—as soft and white as ermine and just about as expensive. The Calvet gift card, attached to the specially designed Kitty Kat Krib, informed the hairdresser the feline was to be named "Zsa Zsa." Any questions about whether or not these girls are still at it!?! . . .

Magda Gabor, Zsa Zsa's older sister—there's also Eva, the youngest—was screen tested by several studios. The test that proved to be the best was the one in which Magda wore a platinum wig. If she's willing to go "Gabor Blonde," MGM will give her a one-picture deal. It's the best offer she's had to date. Unlike Zsa Zsa and Eva, Magda wants to concentrate on drama which accounts for her indecision to switch from her natural auburn tresses to bottle blonde for a one-time movie contract . . .

Shirley Booth managed to get through her second film, "About Mrs. Leslie," despite a severe attack of bursitis that plagued her from the first day of shooting. She's been rehearsing for her return to the New York stage in the musical "By The Beautiful Sea" (directed by MGM's "Chuck" Walters) scheduled to open next month, with a doctor in attendance . . .

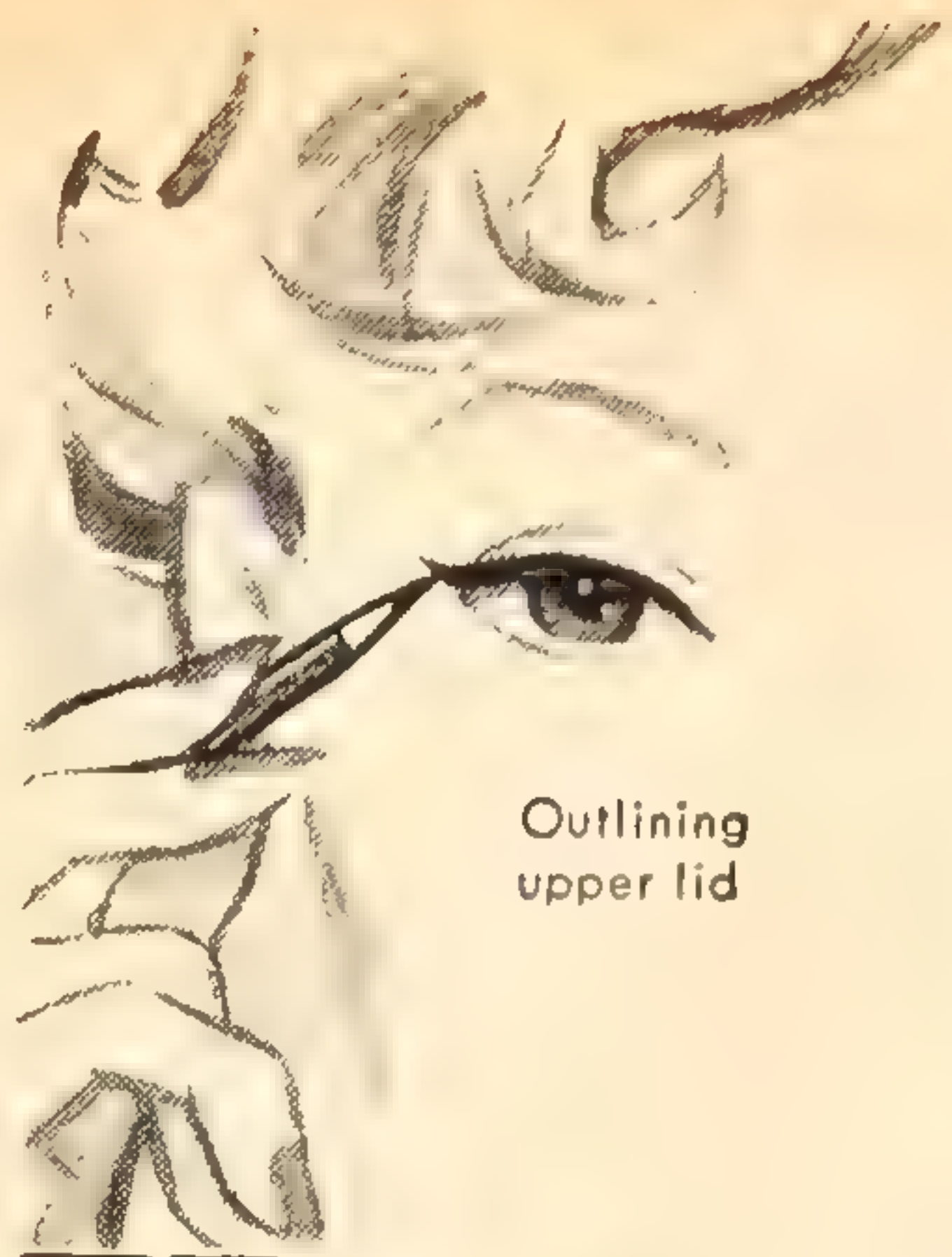
The British are betting Princess Margaret Rose will announce her engagement—to someone—before May 1, 1954. Danny Kaye is expected to be among the very first to know the name of the man of her choice, even before Buckingham Palace officials are given the information . . .

There's nothing platonic about the relationship that exists between Montgomery Clift and Libby Holman, once the greatest of the torch singers. Despite the disparity in their ages (Miss Holman was making headlines when the Clift boy was too young to read them) they're inseparable in New York. Their immediate plans call for a joint vacation in Europe this Winter . . .

Bob Neal, the dark-haired young Texan who might be described appropriately, as very oilwealthy, has gone overboard for Debbie Reynolds in the most luxurious manner. He ordered a lush mink coat for her from one of New York's top furriers and had it made-to-order for her in two weeks—that's putting Debbie in the Mink of Condition in record time . . .

Sheila Connelly, the much talked about Hollywood starlet, has been linked romantically with Geary Steffen ever since his divorce from Janie Powell. The one who adores her the most, however, is Barbara Hutton's young son, Lance, who arranged an introduction to her through his ex-step-father, Cary Grant—with the current Mrs. Grant (Betsy Drake) not liking the idea one bit . . .

A casting report that baffles this department has Danny Kaye supposedly reading a screen treatment of the Harry Lauder story with a view to doing the movie early in 1955. With all the theatrical biographies available, why Harry Lauder? In the first place, there aren't a handful of American moviegoers under the age of 40 who even know who Lauder was. In the second place, his material was Positively The Corniest. I should think it would be easier to get movie fans excited about the Life of Sonny Tufts. END



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows

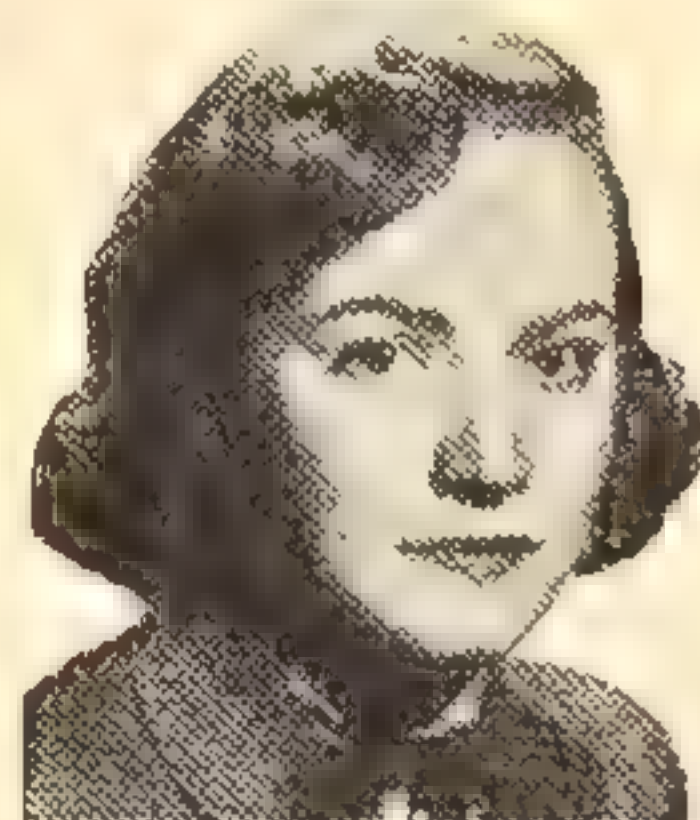


Mascara (plus Eye Shadow)

3 quick tricks to eye beauty

- 1 With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.
- 2 Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.
- 3 Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop.") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

The world's smartest women depend on Maybelline soft eye make-up for heart-stirring beauty. Today, let Maybelline magic bring out the unsuspected loveliness of *your* eyes!



by Fay Nemirow
Forest Hills, New York

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INGRID'S ZEST FOR LIVING

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

"I'm excited about doing it. I love *Joan*. I've loved her all my life. I suppose all actresses do, but I love her for what she did, what she was, what she represents. And very important to me is the fact that my husband is going to direct it. I enjoy working with Roberto, and he has some terrific ideas on staging it. Naturally, I'm a bit scared, particularly when I realize that I'm probably the first actress in history to portray *Joan* on the stage, on the screen, and now in an *opera*!"

I asked Ingrid what she missed most about America. The animation slowly disappeared from her face. "Pia, most of all," she said after a pause. There was another pause. I was anxious to keep the conversation going, so I quickly said, with an effort at lightness, "What little things, silly things?"

"There *are* little things, silly things." She brightened with the memory of them. "Like banana splits, very gooey. And drive-ins. There's a restaurant here they call the California where you can get banana splits, and don't think I don't go there from time to time to satisfy that urge."

And did she miss Hollywood?

"Why should I miss Hollywood when Hollywood is coming to Europe? Everybody's here or been here or going to come here to make a film. I remember how desperately I wanted to have '*Joan Of Arc*' filmed in France, in the very places *Joan* knew. Nobody would even *think* of such a thing. So we made the picture in Hollywood. Now, dozens of films are made on location in Europe. Why couldn't the trend have begun a little earlier?"

"It's so nice for me to see so many of my friends over here," Ingrid went on after I lit another cigarette for her. "When Claudette Colbert came over to make a picture last year, we had such a good time. Then Jennifer Jones was here to make '*Beat The Devil*' for John Huston. I was making '*A Trip To Italy*' with George Sanders at the same time. In between work, Jennifer and I had a lot to talk about. We're old friends, you know."

Just then Rossellini came in with little Robertino. Ingrid rose, walked over to the door, kissed Robertino and her husband—a dark, heavy-framed man of Ingrid's height. She led father and son to me to be introduced. The handsome 4-year-old lad with blond hair and blue eyes examined me carefully, extended his hand, said "*Buona sera*," then quickly asked to be excused. "He's *really* a mixture of Swedish and Italian," Ingrid said, looking after him.

She then took her husband's arm. "We've been talking about the opera," she said to him. Rossellini smiled, and in soft-spoken, accented English, he briefly described some of his ideas for staging the mammoth musical work at the San Carlo Opera House.

After Rossellini left and she had mixed me a Campari soda, Ingrid turned to me and said, "You see, this is how it must be in my life. I don't want to play the same kind of parts over and over and

over. One begins to feel, what should I say, *useless*, sterile. You begin to think you are incapable of growth. This role is a challenge to me, and that's why I look forward to it. The films I've made with Roberto—'*Stromboli*,' '*Europa '51*,' '*A Trip To Italy*' and '*We Are Women*,' which I've just finished, all interested me. Beyond the opera, I have no definite plans, but I'll only do a picture that *really* interests me."

She sat thoughtful for a moment, silently puffing at her cigarette. I thought to myself, can this be the woman who confessed that she didn't think she could live through the torment she had to undergo only a few years ago? With a feeling of admiration for the way she had reconstructed her life, I rose to go. I told her how glad I was to see her so happy.

"No one is completely happy," she said in gentle reproof. "In this life," she said, as she rose, "you have to pay for everything you have or want." I agreed that she was right.

"Somehow, having lived in Italy for several years now, I think I understand more about living," she went on as we

walked towards the door. "I think it might be the same for Pia. I don't think Pia will ever completely understand what I did and why I did it unless she has a chance to *see* me and *know* me in this atmosphere."

"I'd love her to come to Italy and stay as long as she wants to—not only for my sake, but for her own. There are so many beautiful things here that people for centuries from every part of the world have discovered for themselves and are the better for it. You know, Pia's 15 now. Quite a lovely young lady," Ingrid said with obvious mother's pride. "I'm sure that one day, she and I will overcome this misunderstanding. I tried too hard to be Pia's friend. I wanted her to think of me not only as her mother but also as her pal. Her father used to say to me, 'Your child will have no respect for you.' My reply was, 'I don't want respect. I want love.'"

"That's what we all want, isn't it?" she asked. I answered with a nod.

Then as we said good-bye, that smile came again, that smile which radiated like a beam of sunlight on a gloomy day.

It was no less marvelous than it had ever been.

Nor was Ingrid Bergman any less beautiful.

END

WHY I'VE NO TIME FOR LOVE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

open and clear for the work I love so much. This little girl is steering clear of all involvements of the heart—if you know what I mean."

I did know what she meant, but then I really didn't. I knew that Jean didn't always feel this way. It was only after her great success in "*Take Care Of My Little Girl*" that she really opened her eyes to the brilliant film career ahead of her. Then and there, Jean deliberately pushed aside anything and everything that might possibly interfere with success.

I couldn't seem to get through my noggin why a talented and intelligent young gal like Jean, late of Canton, Ohio, and Ohio State University, should be so afraid of love. Or why her attitudes on men should be such a contradictory melange of starry-eyed romance and half-baked flippancy.

Just what was she trying to prove?

As Jean herself knows from her study of psychology at Ohio State, a woman whose two main passions in life are work and clothes is a woman looking for an escape from herself. Jean falls into this category and fully realizes it. Clothes represent the second of her main interests. "It's my one real extravagance," she tells you. Jean knows style, however, and has the courage to buck innovations if she doesn't think they're right for her. Her taste in clothes is simple, but always ultra-smart.

We had a date for dinner while she was in Rome making Jean Negulesco's "*We Believe In Love*" with Clifton Webb.

Dorothy McGuire, Maggie McNamara and Louis Jourdan. When I picked her up at her hotel, she was wearing a charming green, grey and white-striped cotton frock, over which she casually threw a handsome white wool sweater embellished with jewels and pearls in oriental motif. She told me that dress and sweater were strictly California-American, but she didn't have to tell me that her dainty, gold-thonged sandals of leather were strictly Italian.

As we walked through Rome's crowded streets, I kept glancing at the girl considered one of the most important young stars in Hollywood. I wanted to get some insight into her real personality. I wanted to know more about Jean Peters, Woman, not Jean Peters, Movie Star. Sauntering down the Spanish Steps, we chatted about Rome, Hollywood, films, people. And I kept studying Jean's face, particularly her dark flashing eyes. They revealed much: that Jean had great determination, that she was a young lady who not only *knew* what she wanted in fame and fortune, but knew *how* to get what she wanted.

Hardly a soul that we passed in this ancient and worldly city realized that the girl beside me was a famous Hollywood personality. With her long turquoise and silver earrings, dark brown hair cut in cowl effect and her marvelous black eyelashes, she could easily have been mistaken for any of the large number of attractive Roman girls that gracefully walked by.

Jean seemed to read my thoughts. "Don't you think that I blend perfectly with the Italian background?" she asked. I told her that I had been thinking exactly the same thing. "I'm very often mistaken for Italian," she added. "I'm really of Welsh extraction, but there's a great similarity in type with the Latin races."

Since Jean was in Rome and was playing opposite Rossano Brazzi, a top Italian star who had a brief Hollywood fling a few years ago, I naturally asked Jean for her reactions to the attractions of the Italian male.

"Wow!" was Jean's explosive reply. "I love the way Italians stare openly at a woman. It's so frank and direct that a girl can't possibly be offended. She feels so wanted, so beautiful that she'd be a fool if she didn't feel pleased and flattered. I'm one gal who enjoys this admiration, and don't mind flirting with them a bit—only when I'm sure I'm not going to be bothered," the cautious Jean Peters quickly added.

Jean led me to a restaurant she had discovered the night before in Rome's more Bohemian section. I was a bit surprised to find myself in front of a Bavarian-type beerhouse and that, here in Rome, Italy, we were going to dine on Hungarian goulash, guzzle Austrian beer while a small orchestra played American jazz. This Peters gal certainly loved contradictions!

Once we were seated at our table, Jean began to talk freely about her inner conflicts. "I'm distrustful of males, and for that reason I'm leery of marriage." She said this without the slightest effort to soften the impact of her words. "All my life, I've lived without male influence. Everything I've accomplished has been done completely on my own steam. No males have contributed a thing to me. You see, my father died when I was a very little girl and it was my mother who had the chore of supporting me and my younger sister, Shirley. Mother ran a successful tourist cabin business in Ohio all by herself, and the three of us got along splendidly with no men around to tell us what to do.

"Since that time, I've always had a well-developed sense of responsibility," Jean went on as the Italian waiter served the Hungarian goulash and the Austrian lager. "Each of us had specific duties to perform and part of mine was to look after Shirley. All my life I've had to work hard for the things that mattered to me. I put myself through college, too. Even now in my Hollywood house, we're all females. My great-aunt runs the place for me, and now, with Shirley going to the University of Southern California, she'll be joining the menage too."

Point One that Jean was trying to prove: the female of the species is equal to the task of caring for its own without any handouts from the so-called 'superior' male.

"I'm full of insecurities," Jean went on, "and they make me painfully introspective. I spend a lot of time alone just thinking things out. I carefully and meticulously analyze every situation that confronts me—and that includes men, love, romance and marriage. I'm always weigh-

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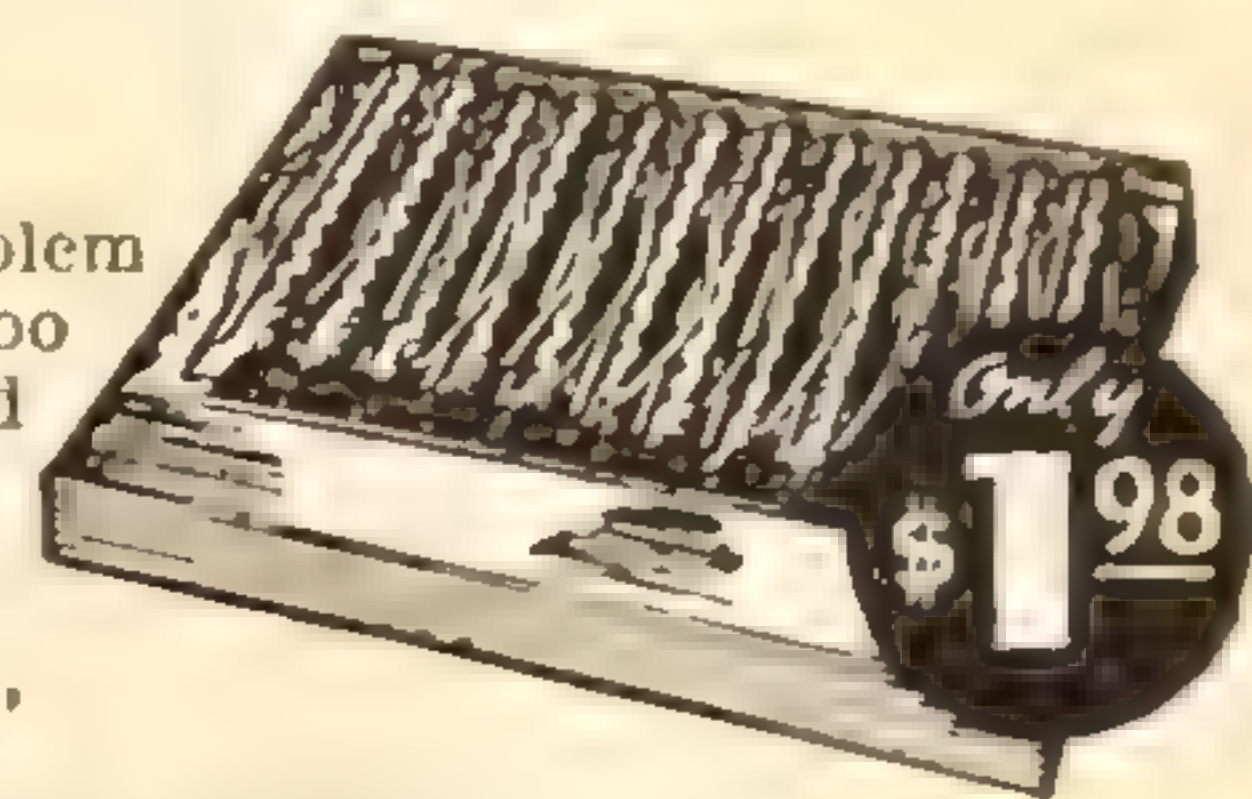
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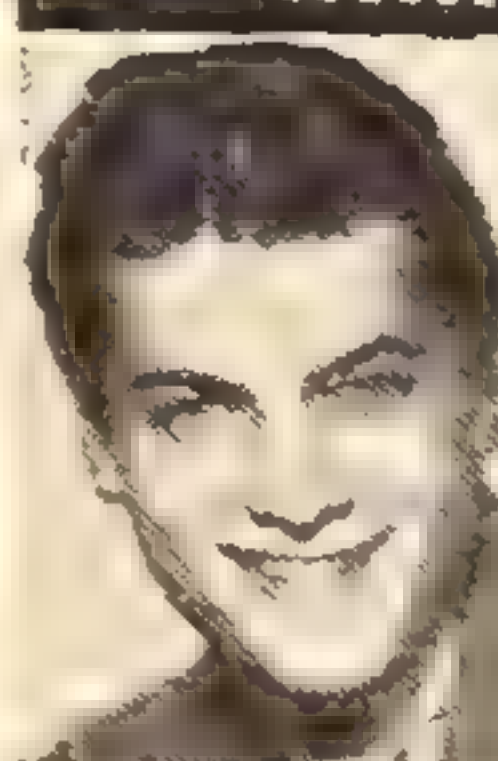
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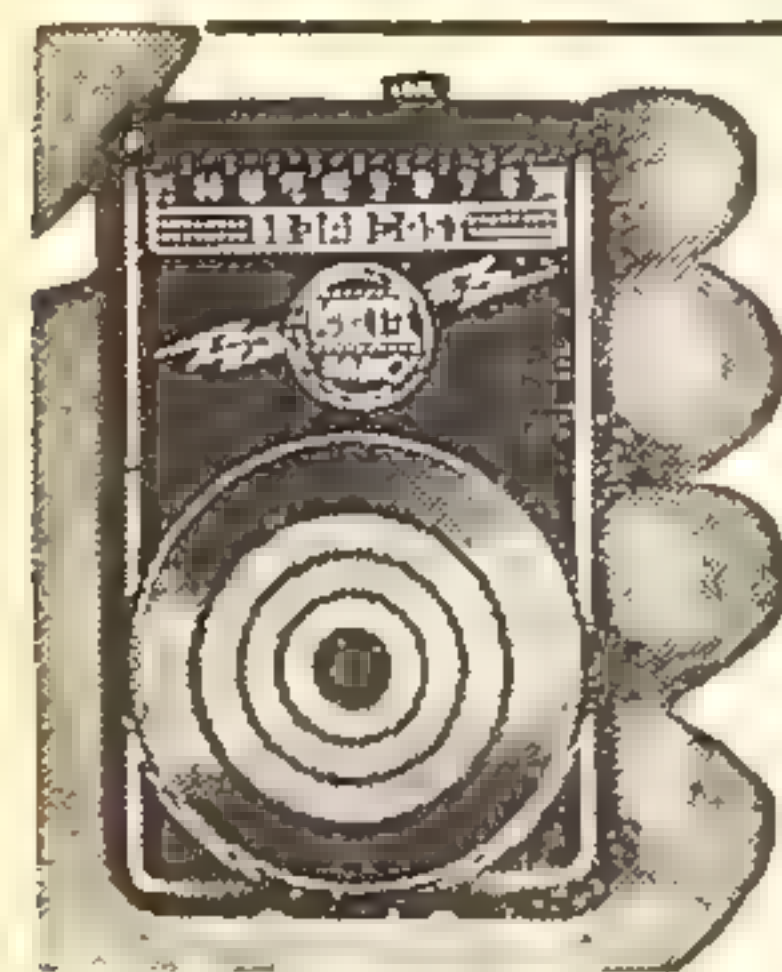


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ing and evaluating. I never seem to be able to accept things for what they really are. And until I can, I'm afraid I'll keep putting up barriers around my emotions. I envy a girl like Jeanne Crain. Do you know why Jeanne's been able to work out her life so perfectly? She has inner security." Jean Peters' husky voice softened into a whisper as she added, "I wish I had it, too."

Point Two that Jean Peters was trying to prove: she was not a pushover for romance, by gosh. She could keep herself from falling hook, line and sinker for some guy, no matter how right he was and no matter what the cost.

As the evening wore on, Jean's comments on men and marriage were more and more edged with flippancy. Some of them were amusing, some intelligent, some impossible. These were her stiff requirements for a husband:

"A guy who'd never talk to me in the morning for at least two hours. I hate happy people in the morning—you know the kind that run around singing and chattering and *doing* things. I'd cheerfully murder them. My husband would have to prepare my coffee for me and bring it to me in bed. Once I've had my coffee, I'm a bit more civilized.

"A man who'd stay up all hours of the night making intelligent and witty conversation on a wide variety of subjects. I hate to go to sleep at night and detest night clubs, but I'd love to stay home and listen to brilliant talk go on hour after hour. Joe Cotten's got the kind of gift I mean. What a conversationalist!

"A husband who's kind, considerate, patient, pleasant. Someone who'd make up for all of my deficiencies and who'd complete all of my half-finished tasks without a murmur.

"The guy wouldn't have to be President of the United States. He could be anything, as long as he was doing what he wanted to do, something which gave him complete satisfaction. He could even be an actor, though I'd just as soon he weren't.

"He'd have to be athletically-inclined. I love to swim. My pool is my pride and

joy. I'm mad about baseball and completely at home on a horse. He'd have to join all my sports activities with enthusiasm.

"Most of all, my husband must have dignity, human dignity and complete self-assurance. He must be strong enough not only to take care of me, but to take care of himself. He must be at peace with himself and with the world. He must be able to lead and dominate me. If he had to beat some sense into me now and again, why that's okay with me. I'm pretty tough. After movie bouts with Widmark the Wolf and Brando the Brute, I'm used to a bit of violence."

If such a mortal exists, Jean is going to have to spend the rest of her life tracking him down!

That's Jean Peters revealing what she calls her "complex personality." It seemed to be complex. When she discussed her youth, she spoke with pride about how she, Shirley and their mother got along without the guidance of men. Then later, she blandly stated that the man she would marry had to be the dominating type. She said that there was no place for love in her life, and yet admitted that she lives in dread of emotional entanglements. And then, just as we parted that evening in Rome, she commented wistfully, "If you don't find the great love of your life sometime before you die, there doesn't seem much point to living."

Jean's "complex personality," in spite of the obvious contradictions, is not very complex. All her bravado, all her self-assertion camouflages a heart that really yearns for love. The moment Jean is off guard, the moment she lets her reserve down, a man a good deal different from the ideal she describes, will march right up and take full and complete possession. Deep down, Jean knows this better than anyone.

Maybe when Jean Peters, Woman, gets equal billing with Jean Peters, Actress, she'll become the great star she so desperately wants to be.

Some of the greatest in the business have discovered that there's more to a star than stardust. **END**

BEHIND EVERY WOMAN THERE'S A MAN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

She said, "Let Jean. Her bones are young and flexible."

So I tried. I wasn't much good at first, but my father insisted that I practice until I was almost as good as the girl next door. This training proved valuable years later when I was a student in dramatic school and had to work out in the gymnasium.

And so my father instilled in me the happy belief that, up to a sensible point, I could do anything I set about doing if I had been taught the proper method, and if I stuck to it.

Incidentally, my father believed in himself as well as in his youngsters. I remember on at least one occasion after I

had broken my arm (*I did it often*), that he was determined to set it. He had read a book—because he was always reading a book on some new topic—and he assured my mother that he could set the bone as well as any doctor. I agreed with him, but my mother insisted upon sending for a man with an M.D. degree.

My three brothers were important factors in my development. My eldest brother (*who was lost in World War II*) was the most courageous person I have ever known. I remember a long-ago afternoon when he was tinkering with a jalopy which he had bought with his own money. Something went wrong and the motor caught fire. I had been watching

him, but I was of no help; I stood rooted. He glanced about for something to use to put out the fire, found nothing, so reached into the flames, bare-handed, and tore the connecting wires free. That ended the fire, but his hands were badly burned. "Saved an explosion, though," he said.

My younger brother taught me two things: patience (*ask anyone with a little brother!*) and philosophy. I learned that nothing is as terrible as it seems. This lesson was provided one Christmas morning when our entire family descended to the living room to open our presents and discovered the room knee-deep in discarded ribbon, torn paper, scattered boxes, and confused presents. Pauly had awakened shortly after the reindeer had pattered off the roof, and he had crept downstairs and into the living room where the gifts were piled around the Christmas tree. He opened every single package, and then—exhausted, no doubt—slipped back to bed. At first we thought our Christmas was ruined, and I shed salty tears. However, it began to seem funny after a few minutes and it has now passed into family lore to be handed down to our grandchildren.

I knew from the time I saw my first movie that I wanted to be an actress, but like the average high school student, I would have been afraid of ridicule if I had admitted it.

Our high school dramatic coach was newly out of college, in tune with high school students, a perceptive human being, and a resourceful teacher. He insisted on tryouts for each part in each play we produced. He brought all sorts of unlikely people into the drama club because he could overcome their shyness and inspire them to try for something they might have wanted, but under ordinary circumstance would have been too timorous to attempt.

And then, abandoning the old practice of awarding a lead here, a secondary role there on the basis of just desserts for hard work, or a relative on the school board, he gave the roles to those whom he considered best equipped to play them. Sometimes this professional plan caused trouble, but he seemed to have anticipated that. At any rate, he ignored it and stuck to his plan.

I was lucky enough to get a series of good parts. One day he said to me, "You're planning to be an actress, aren't you?"

I gulped and tried to hide my terrible eagerness.

"You'll be a good one," he observed matter-of-factly. "Don't be shy about it. It's a job, like anything else: keeping books, keeping house, nursing, or teaching. Be a good workman and you'll get along fine."

I hope that this teacher knows now that it was he who started me on the road to an Academy Award nomination, last year, for "Singin' In The Rain."

Time went on, and I went with it. To Lake Forest College, to Northwestern University, to a series of radio jobs in New York, and finally to parts in Broadway plays. I was the sincere type: serious-minded, hard-working, pouring every

ounce of my energy into one channel, my career. I didn't know there was anything on earth except The Theatre, and I thought of it in capital letters.

One day my best friend, Pat Neal, introduced me to a young actor turned agent, a chap named Tom Seidel.

One of the first things I noticed about him was his well-rounded ability to talk to a variety of different people. He never seemed at loss for conversation, whereas I became speechless as soon as the talk veered away from the usual show business discussions.

Have you seen those loft buildings without windows? I was like that. My life had one purpose only, until Tom came along and served as architect to alter my outlook.

He seemed to have an outlook in a dozen different directions. He was a fisherman; he was a hunter; he was a camera enthusiast. He seemed to read all the daily papers, and to be conversant with the classics as well as current fiction.

It took just two months for me to decide that Tom Seidel was to be my tutor and partner from that point on. I began to enlarge my horizons at once, and if you doubt it, listen to this: we went fishing on our honeymoon in Canada, in spite of the fact that I had broken my leg in a backstage accident and was bundled up in a cast.

Tom only laughed about the problem of carrying me from car to cabin, from cabin to canoe, from canoe back to cabin, and so on for weeks.

I'll never forget the thrill of catching my first fish: a bass. I understand now that it wasn't magnificent as bass go, but when I hauled it out of the water, I expected Jonah to wave from the fishy mouth. Tom says I told everyone in Canada about that fish. I, who hadn't known a month earlier that fish weren't manufactured in cans.

Tom taught me the joy of forgetting the seriousness of ambition occasionally, and refreshing myself in the excitement of outdoor sport for fun's sake alone. It's one of the most important lessons in life, I think.

Through photography, he taught me that an actress should learn something of the technique of the truly gifted people who make the finished motion picture what it is. I never appreciated the genius of a cameraman until I tried to make portraits of my three-year-old daughter, Patricia. I never understood what can be done with makeup until I tried to take some candid character studies of my friends.

"There's nothing easy about any of this," I announced in some exasperation to Tom one day.

"Makes a person appreciate the skills of his fellow beings, doesn't it?" he said humbly.

A good teacher, my husband.

I have been infinitely lucky to have known the men about whom I have written. Furthermore, I am confident that some day I'll take further lessons from another lad. I think it is safe to predict that my education will be advanced by my son, Aric, now a year and a half old.

I suppose I might as well start to learn about football right now.

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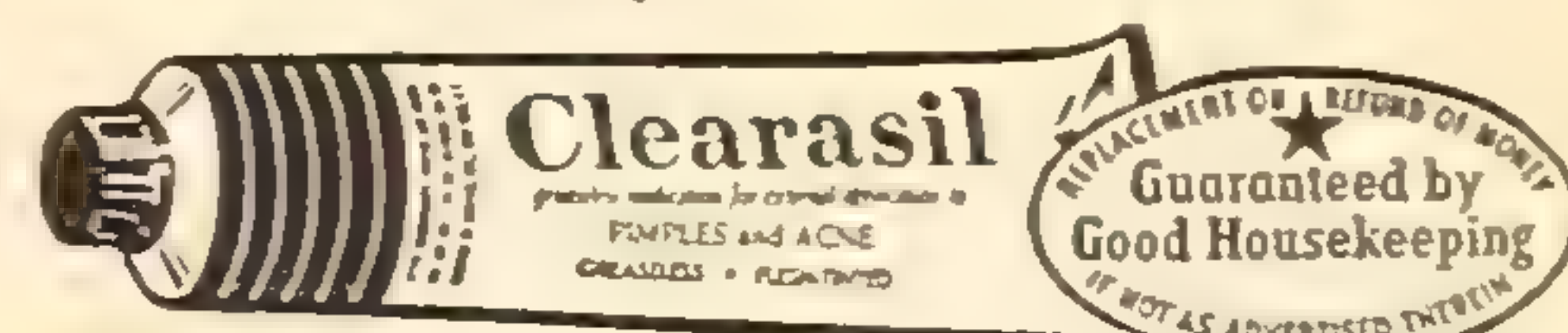
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TONY'S LETTER TO BOB

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

One evening I came home making like the nonchalant type. The new suit was on my back!

"Oh, I got this suit at the studio," I explained hastily. "They gave it to me—wasn't that nice!"

"They did!" exclaimed the little woman. "When?"

"Oh, I went out there today," I shrugged. "They gave it to me when I happened to stop by the wardrobe department."

"Today!" bantered Mrs. Sam Spade. "But what about the dentist? You said you were going to see him today."

"Yes, I know," I added uneasily. "But you see, I got tied up at the studio—so I couldn't make it."

"Yes, I see," said Janet quietly. "But tell me this. When I called up his office to talk to you, why did the dentist say you were in the chair and couldn't come to the phone?"

See what I mean, Bob? Was my face red, and it sure served me right! Janet's faith and trust in people is part of her religion. She's such a perfectionist she expects perfection, within reason, from others, too. Anything less than honesty just doesn't go with her. This applies to the sets where she's working—wherever she happens to be.

Now I know her innate good taste would prevent her from calling anyone's bluff on the set, if he were trying to put anything over on her. But believe me our girl would let him know she was aware of it—in her own way. Like that time she was working with an actor who was determined to look out for you know who.

Now Jan's the most cooperative actress, she has great respect for her fellow actors and works real hard—which is why she's so good. Well, this eager beaver had a little habit of doing scenes one way at rehearsals and another when they'd shoot it. He also managed to upstage Janet at the same time, too. No, she didn't get hysterical—she's not the type. Neither did she call names.

Each time this guy pulled his little stunt in front of the camera, Janet merely stepped on his foot! No one saw her do it and she remained what she always is—a lady. Our friend caught on fast and stopped behaving like a sizzling ham!

When you start shooting and if you make coffee in your dressing room, maybe you'd like to know that my wife takes hers straight and piping hot. And if you're anything like me and forget little things—little things like not pulling out the plug on the percolator, don't worry, Bob. It will be pulled out. Cluttered ash trays are something I never see. If this happens to you, too, step right up and meet Agnes the ash-tray-emptier. You're a doomed man!

Oh yes, you'll probably start missing things, Bob, and think there's a kleptomaniac on your set working overtime. Please don't call the Chief of Police. I called the insurance company once when my overcoat disappeared from the back

seat of my car. A few days later I had to call them back. Meticulous Mable had merely hung my coat up—which is what she'll do to anything of yours if she catches it lying around loose!

Because she's so thoughtful herself, Janet appreciates the thoughtfulness of others. So if you want to start out solid man, take a tip from the Curtis Secret System. It's good to know the princess has quite a sweet tooth and not for that two-fifty a pound stuff either. She goes for those super-market specials, milk duds and chocolate-covered raisins! Keep well-stocked with the stuff my friend and she'll flip.

I don't know about you, Bob, but I like to stretch out and relax on my lunch hour. While we were making "Houdini" I did it just once—the day Janet wasn't working. During the other lunch hours we played catch! No fooling! So dig out the old ball and glove and oil up that right arm. And about lunch, if you prefer a hamburger and orange pop instead of spinach, don't say I didn't warn you. Oh yes, if you're a scrabble hound, or a crossword puzzle fiend, bone-up boy, bone-up!

Being an old married man myself, I can appreciate some of the problems you must be facing at this stage of your career, Bob. Now just in case the girl friend is giving you any trouble, you can step right up and confide in our own Beatrice Fairfax. All my friends come to her for advice and she's really terrific. Even Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis turn to Jan when they need an objective, unbiased point of view. Of course they rib her by calling her "Little Mother," or "Mother Machree-Leigh!"

Jeff Chandler, another great friend of ours, has a gag routine where the big guy climbs on Janet's lap, rests his head on her shoulder and pretends like he's her "little boy." Maybe it doesn't sound so funny to tell, but it's sure an amusing sight to see. Poor Jan, all you can see of her is—her feet!

Normally, I'm not a betting man, Bob. But I'd like to give you ten to one odds on a sure thing. I bet by the end of your first working week, you'll be bringing in all your cast-off clothes for the boys' home that Janet sponsors. She doesn't talk about it much, but it's very close to her heart. You know, sometimes I suspect that she snips a few threads in my sweaters and sox. I just couldn't wear 'em so thin—so fast!

I'll be working on "Beachhead" and "Johnny Dark," while you're working with my favorite wife. When I can't call for her, would you do me a favor, Bob?

You see, I worry about Janet when she drives her car. Of course, I don't want her to know this, as she's very sensitive about her driving! Just see that she warms the car up before she takes off for home. And if you can guide her through the gates without dislodging them, 20th and I will be very grateful to you!

As I said in the beginning of this letter, you're in for an experience, Bob.

You'll never forget it and while I don't know you very well, I'm sure it couldn't happen to a nicer guy. Oh yes, I almost forgot to tell you that my pals have been giving me the business. They keep reminding me that my wife will do hot love scenes with what-a-man Wagner. No woman can resist him, they say.

I go along with the gag and pretend I'm upset. You *know* that I'm not. But Bob—I was just wondering. Could I ask one more teeny weeny little favor? When you do those love scenes with Janet—please don't kiss her *too* hard!

Good luck—and you've got it!
Tony

IF I HAD A SECOND CHANCE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

days where there wasn't much humor in trying to earn a living. He has learned the value of a dollar, even though he is frank enough to say that his early desperate need for money somehow shut out so many things that would have enriched his life. He knows that now. He didn't at that time.

"If I could only have been more relaxed, a little more philosophical, I would have saved myself a lot of grief, a lot of discouragement. I wish I could have laughed at things a little more, but I couldn't. I was high strung, nervous and quick tempered. I guess some people found me a little tough to get along with. And if I had a second chance to live my life, I would make an effort to understand people better. I wouldn't make such quick, snap judgments. I was wrong plenty of times, but learned, and you only learn by making these mistakes, that other people have problems, too. I found out that when you tried to understand other people's problems, it paid off in their friendship and thoughtfulness. Then," he laughed a low rumbling Keel kind of laugh, "yes sir, Keel was a guy with a temper, hot as a firecracker! But no more. You get older . . . wiser . . ."

Of course, there was Howard Keel, that Broadway singing star! "If you had it to do all over, what would you do with that part of your career?"

"I wouldn't sing in the same show for two years, not unless I created the role!" he said.

"But it meant steady work for you. Didn't you say you had to keep working to keep eating?"

"Sure, sure," admitted Howard, "but do you know what happens to a singer who stays in a show too long? Remember I wasn't a big name like Pinza. After a while, agents don't bother to think about you anymore. Talent scouts are rushing around trying to find new faces. Yours has become 'old hat' by the time two years are over. You have to learn to take a chance when you're struggling for a career. So, after two years, I made up my mind that I would have to make a change. Another company of 'Oklahoma' was going to open in London. It was a lucky break I could go along with it!"

His intuition about not wanting to play the role in "Oklahoma" on Broadway any longer, and his desire to open the show in another locale, paid off handsomely. He was the hit of London! His success opened a new career for him. It was while in London that he was cast in "Small Voice," which, in turn, attracted Holly-

wood. This whole incident was very ironic. Not long before his opening in London, Warner Brothers made a test of Howard for the lead in the same "Oklahoma" and turned him down.

"I'll never forget it," he said, recalling the incident. "I stayed at an \$18 a day room at the Beverly Hills Hotel and discovered to my chagrin that I had the magnificent sum of \$15 in my bank account! I can tell you, I moved out of there in a hurry!"

After "Small Voice," he received an offer to play opposite Ethel Merman in "Annie Get Your Gun." This was the biggest chance he'd ever had.

"But I couldn't take it . . . not at that time. You see, I had made a three-picture commitment with the man who had made 'Small Voice.' He'd taken a chance on me, and I wouldn't pull out of the deal, even though we didn't have a written contract between us. Sure, I was upset about it . . . everyone waits for the 'big break' and here it was and I couldn't take it! But eventually things worked out. As I said before, you worry and worry and worry and it doesn't do any good at all. Eventually, our verbal agreement was dissolved by mutual consent and I played opposite Betty Hutton in the movie version of 'Annie Get Your Gun.' But it still seemed that everything was against my playing it. I broke my leg at the start of the picture and thought, 'here's where Keel gets replaced.' I've always been grateful that MGM waited until I could make the picture." He suddenly looked up with a funny little twinkle in his eyes. "You see . . . things always have a way of working out . . . and it's no use eating your heart out . . . people are what they are . . .!"

"Tell me more about re-living your life."

"I'd never play a role I didn't believe in! I'd stick to my guns; I wouldn't allow myself to be talked into it."

"But I've heard," I told him timidly, "that actors have been known to make mistakes about what parts they should and should not play and it's happened a hundred times that the one part an actor at first turned down, was the one he scored a hit in!"

"Sure, I know," he said seriously, "but when I read a script, I get a feeling about a character and when I go against my better judgment . . . against what I feel emotionally . . . I know I'm not going to be good in the part. All my life, when I've stuck to what I believed, I came out okay, but when I've allowed myself to be



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One of the first things that attracted Lex Barker and Lana Turner to each other was their similar sense of humor. They always had fun and laughs together.

talked into something that I didn't believe in . . . well I didn't come off. They'll probably say that Howard Keel is difficult, stubborn and all that, and if they can convince me that I'm wrong, then swell . . . but if I can't be persuaded, then I'm going to stick to my guns, believe me!"

Suddenly we were interrupted by the gay, happy voice of a piquant little girl who had spied Keel across the room and rushed madly into his arms. She was blonde Patty Kate, the four-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Kathryn Grayson, Howard's co-star in "Kiss Me, Kate."

"Oh, Uncle Howard, Uncle Howard," she exclaimed, as she climbed up on his lap, her head against his shoulder. He

looked down fondly, a warm smile on his face. He was a completely different Howard Keel . . . gentle, whimsical, completely enchanted by the little girl.

"Do you know what I was in school yesterday?" she asked him. "I was a kangaroo!"

Intrigued, he gave her his complete attention.

"What are you doing now, Uncle Howard?" she asked turning her eyes toward me.

"I'm doing an interview," he explained, "about what I would do if I could live my life over again. And do you know what I'd like to be, Patty Kate, if I did live my life over. I'd like to be a kangaroo, too!"

END

THE TAMING OF TARZAN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

the weak looms importantly in Lex's personal pattern of human behavior. It's a trait that unquestionably has grown to its full strength in long, perilous, breast-beating journeys through *Tarzan* country. Only Lana is not weak, and Lex's well-nurtured protective nature—which he believes all women cannot live without in their men—may easily lose impact. It is perhaps something he has yet to find out.

But it is when Lana talks again, too, that the picture changes somewhat. "I also," she says, "find him dashing, terribly amusing—and always exciting."

Other women have discovered the same thing about Lex Barker, a debonair, hail-fellow-well-met type of individual who, despite many unsuccessful and disillusioning romantic experiences, still allows his gay, will-of-the-wisp mind to rule his heart. Like all stalwart denizens of the jungle—be that jungle a seething city or a teeming African hole—the male animal is prey for play.

For one thing, Lex, as all his closest friends will tell you, has always a quick eye for a pretty figure. For instance, just one week before his late, not very lamented marriage to Arlene Dahl, Lex was lunching at a midtown Manhattan hotel with a publicity man when his eye caught the walk of a bustling hostess. Long before the luncheon was even over, Lex had gotten her telephone number, her name, address—and, as rumor has it, most of her measurements.

This may easily be Lana's greatest problem with Lex. She may find that sort of behavior—even if it has no harmful after-effects—more predatory than human. Mr. Barker's new wife, over the long years of trying to make one marriage after another hold, has shown that she isn't a woman to be trifled with. An "I'm-faithful-to-you-in-my-fashion man" is not the kind of husband Lana wants.

"Lana," says one of her closest and dearest friends, "wants a whole husband,

full-time and all hers, or none at all."

Will she have that in Lex? Only time will tell, say the cynics. What Hollywood knows is that Lana Turner, at best, will have her hands full with Lex *Tarzan* Barker, and that he will need to be tamed—if the marriage is to last. And what all Hollywood is wondering is: Can Lana tame Lex? Opinion is divided into two camps, and here are some of the opinions:

"They'll never be able to get along together," remarks one studio executive, sadly. "I don't know why Lana is so foolhardy. She's had three unhappy marriages—everybody knows she'd like to settle down, for Cheryl's sake as well as her own."

"Lana's looking for a man—to take care of her emotionally, to be a devoted husband and father—and what does she do? She marries a spoiled guy who's only loyal to his own whims!"

An old friend of Lex Barker's feels differently. "This may well be the making of Lex," he says. "I like the guy, you understand, but just the same he's a little too used to getting his own way."

"Arlene wasn't the girl for him. She couldn't stand up to him. Lana Turner's different. She's had enough experience and unhappiness to give her plenty of grit and determination, and she won't let him get away with a thing. Lex will find he can't pull the wool over her eyes," says his friend, "and he won't be able to do as he pleases without considering Lana. She won't let him!"

On certain points, everyone is agreed. Lex is no angel; he's a spoiled boy with wealth, social position and two marriages behind him. He's blase, used to his own way, and his sense of humor verges on rowdy vulgarity. Arlene Dahl couldn't take it.

Lana, however, is a girl of a different stamp. Despite her fragile beauty, she's a down-to-earth experienced woman who has learned much from her past marriages. Lex Barker will never call her a "hick" and get away with it; Lana would be quite capable of pushing his teeth in if he tried it.

For Lana, this may well be the end of her marital road. If Lex does not take his marriage equally seriously, Lana is quite capable of turning him into a good husband and father before he knows what hit him!

One thing is sure: Lana understands men! She is a woman who can cope with the earthiness that exists in all men. She knows, too, how to handle the spoiled little boy that exists in all men . . . IF she wants to.

Can she tame *Tarzan*? Half of Hollywood says she'll never be able to do it; the other half says of course she can, because unquestionably in this marriage, Lana may want to take the pains and patience to make it last. At this writing, in fact, she is reportedly having another child.

No one doubts that, if she wants to hold Lex, Lana has more than enough fire, personal excitement, and mental ammunition to subdue even the most difficult of men, let alone a *Tarzan* who is easily intrigued by novelty.

END



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desperate
for love..."**

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Mormon faith, married Glenn in the Church of the Latter Day Saints in Glendale, Calif., and they left for a two-week honeymoon in Mexico City and Acapulco.

In less than two months the marriage was on the rocks. The couple separated and Terry remained out of the Hollywood social whirl for ten months while she took stock of herself, of marriage, of her future as an actress. In March, 1952, she sued Davis for divorce, charging cruelty.

Her only comment on the breakup was to declare that if Liz Taylor had to make a mistake in marriage why couldn't it have been her first boy friend. (*Liz's second boy friend was Nicky Hilton, whom she married and divorced.*)

Philosophizing about marriage, Terry made one uncommonly pert remark.

"Film marriages," she said, "are like footballs—they get kicked around."

"Any place else in the world," she added, "you can have two people who are physically attractive, marry and expect to stay that way for the rest of their lives. Not in Hollywood, though. There, physical attractiveness isn't enough."

There is so much to contend with in the film town, she said, that a marriage partner "just has to be one who understands."

Particularly, when the wife wants to be a star.

"I feel I have never been married," Terry declared shortly after the bust-up. "If Glenn had liked or understood Hollywood it would have lasted. People are always making passes in this business. The biggest stumbling block in love is that one usually expects too much of others."

Though she believes distrust and husband-changing are too common in Hollywood, she has hopes for her own happiness.

"Maybe I'll find someone who thinks as I do," she admits. "Wanting the same things, seeking the same things together is wonderful. But I don't trust many men and most men don't trust women."

At her divorce trial Terry testified that Glenn "made a wreck out of me." She said the football star, now with the Los Angeles Rams, was insulting. He would ask friends if they thought she could really act and when they said "yes," he called them frauds, she told the court.

Davis did not contest the suit. She asked no alimony.

Terry received her divorce from the 28-year-old Davis last April 17th. Friends felt she and handsome Bob Wagner had been waiting eagerly for the decree and would announce their engagement.

Both Terry and the 23-year-old Wagner, son of Robert Wagner, Sr., millionaire Detroit steel manufacturer, were in Tampa, Fla., making "Beneath The Twelve Mile Reef" when news of the divorce decree was published. However, no announcement of an engagement was made then or since.

Terry Moore has had plenty of men friends during the six years she has been making pictures. She likes "to party," is "always in the middle of a party," she says. She likes people. And people like her. She loves the exciting, glamorous off-screen life of a movie star.

Terry doesn't want to become domesticated. You know what? She wants to live like a movie star, and agrees with Bernard Shaw that feminine allure is more potent when the figure is concealed rather than openly revealed. No, she doesn't care for Bikini bathing suits.

She was born Helen Koford on Jan. 7, 1929, in Los Angeles. Her mother, Mrs. Luella Koford, a former actress, trained her in acting. Following some radio work and a few performances in the Pasadena Playhouse, she made her film debut opposite Glenn Ford in "The Return Of October." She owes her screen start to Columbia's Harry Cohn, who was enthusiastic about her screen tests.

"There's so much money in pictures," she admits, candidly. "Unfortunately," she adds, "you have to think about money." Especially when, like Terry, you want to live like a movie star. **END**

NO WONDER I HAVE AN ULCER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

and cooperative down to the last detail.

"We worked a long time to sign Margaret Truman, but when we did, I knew I could simply turn her over to this group, and that everything would go off without a hitch. This is our success-secret." Ed asked that tribute herein be paid to "Toast's" stage manager, Ed Brinkman. It is so done. . . .

"Early in the history of our show," Ed said, lighting a cigarette against doctor's orders, "we went through two directors. One of them had a compulsion to yell 'Quiet, Please!' every so often. He knew nothing of stage, or vaudeville—he was also a small tyrant. I took him aside and suggested that yelling had gone out with silent films—he brushed this off lightly.

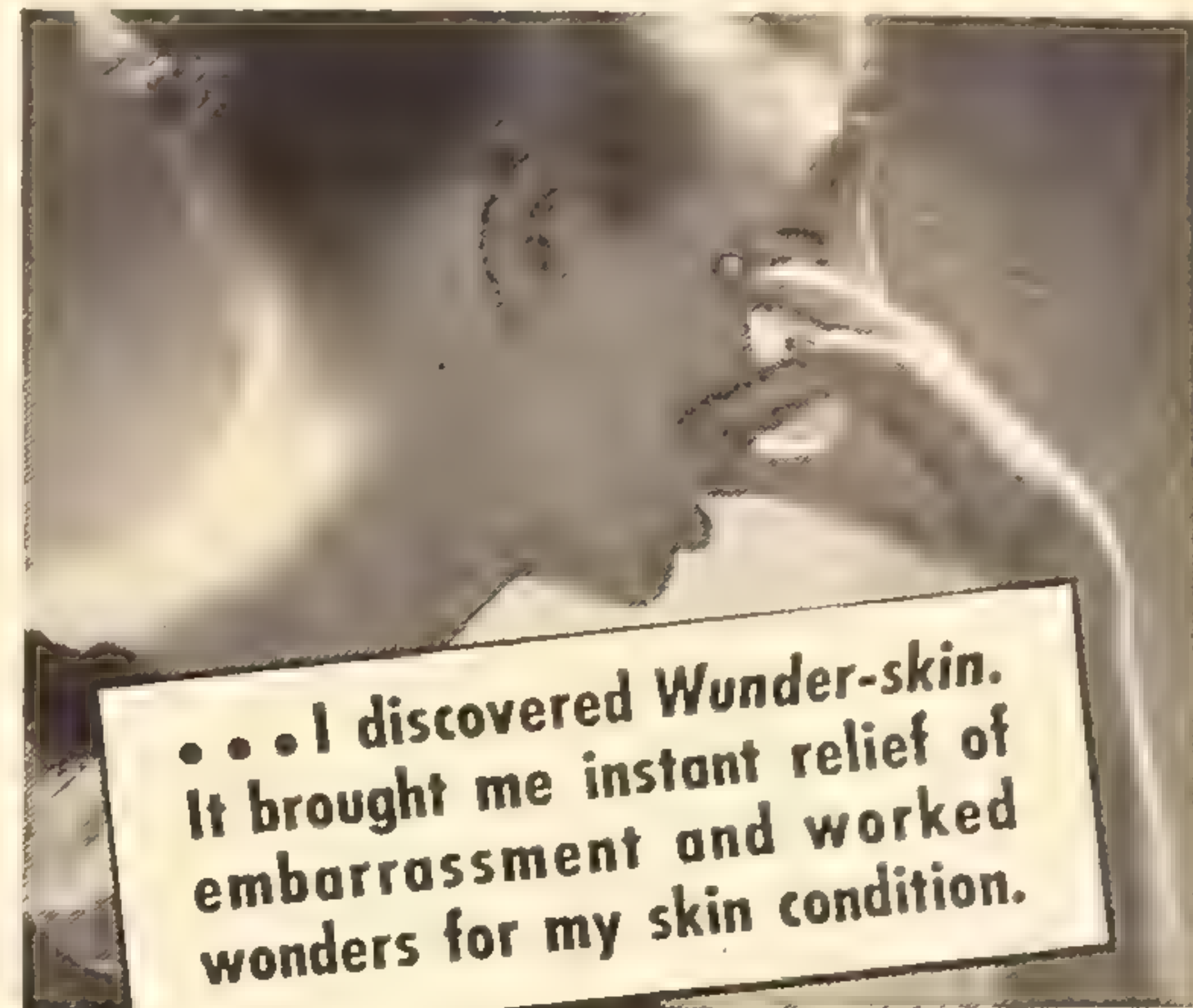
"A performer naturally feels that we're confused if we're down to yelling—since

competent people are relaxed. Then, two weeks later, our director-hero took up yelling where he'd left off. I told him that if he was trying to tighten up our stars, he was doing a dandy job, but, while I appreciated his efforts, if he didn't cut it out fast, I was going to toss him out on his directorial ear. He actually sneered at me, suggested that I didn't dare. Do you know something? I did dare!"

Marlo Lewis and Ed each lost about \$450 the first year of "Toast"—things were far from smooth—and another director, not much better than *numero uno*, also bit the dust with his ear.

"But after we latched onto Johnny Wray," said Ed, lighting his second cigarette after his French poodle (*Ed's pal, but a bit of a tattle-tale*) had left the

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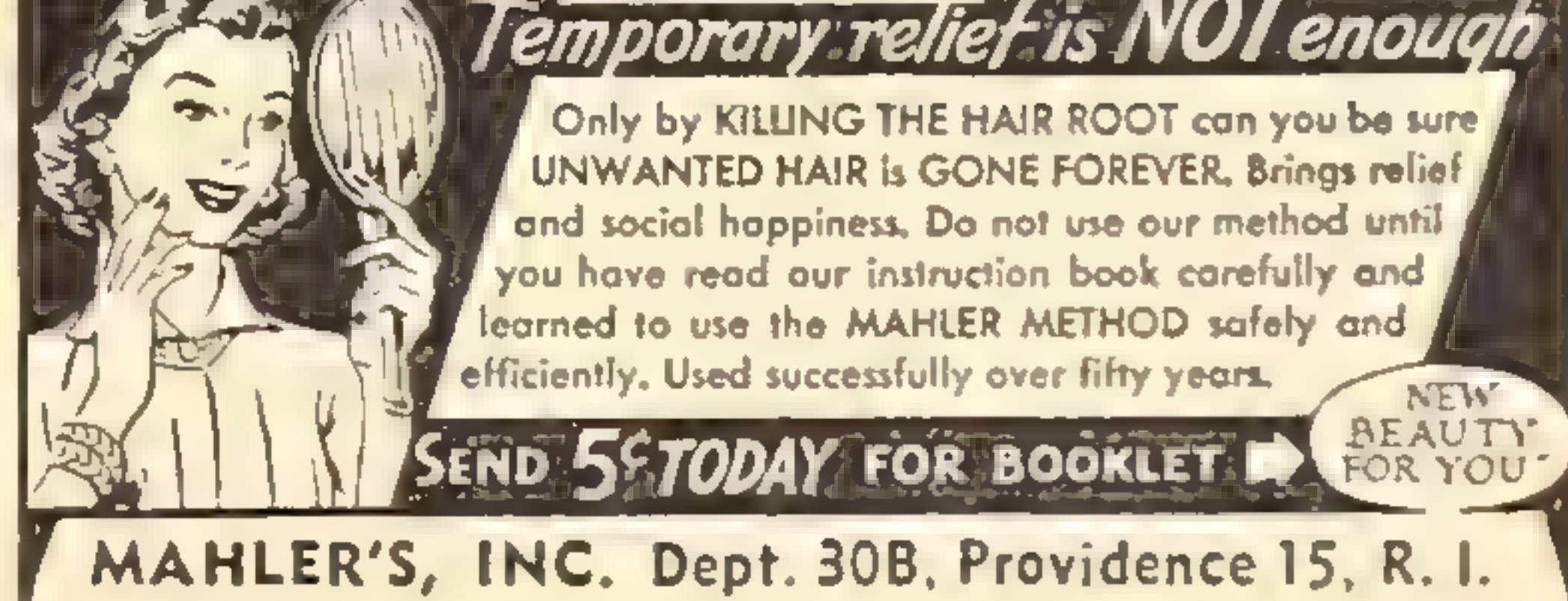


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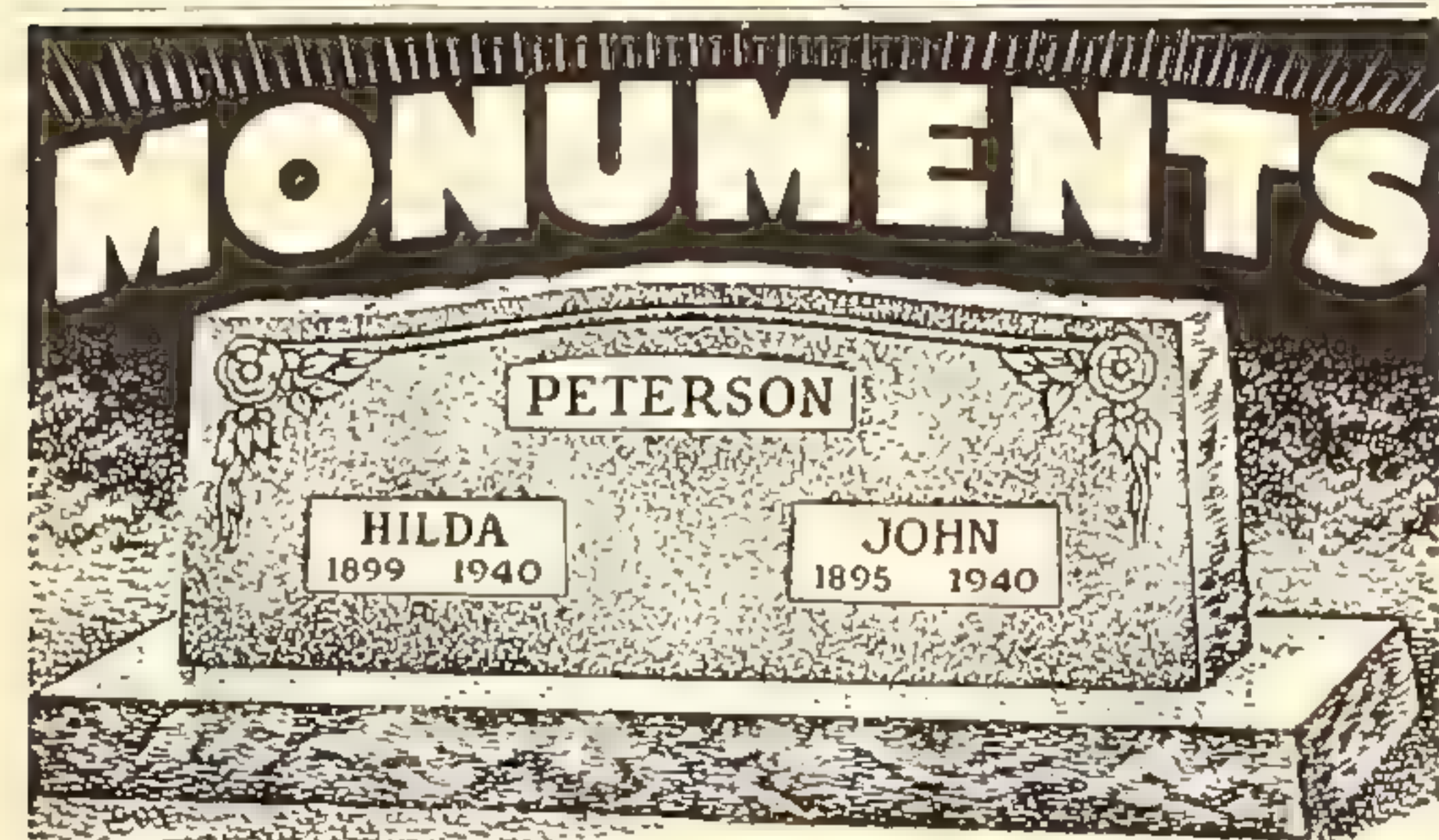
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room, "we settled back in comfort. Johnny is of Irish extraction, is a soft-spoken feller, and his pa was a dancer. No noise with Wray, only a relaxed air of efficiency—which got more out of performers than ever before.

"Sophie Tucker couldn't believe she was working in TV. 'Where are the little men sticking light meters under my nose?' she asked. 'No showoffs hollering and yelling?' That's part of the Wray contribution to our team. . . ."

A full-page Variety ad shows Ed, Marlo Lewis, Ray Bloch & Johnnie Wray, under the head: "HAVE TUX—WILL TRAVEL (in *Lincolns* or *Mercurys*)," plus the information: "Available for Weddings, Bar Mitzvahs and Intimate Banquets. . . . Contact Mark J. Leddy."

A cute gag, but unless you're loaded, don't hire these kids to handle your intimate banquet. This Leddy is no gag, however. As Ed says: "Mark (J.) Leddy signs up all our talent for us. He's a veteran agent, and the other agents' fair-haired boy and prexy."

With the best of assistants, it's still a job that ulcers vote most-helpful-to-ulcers. Ed found that if he called an act, they figured it was a squeeze play involving the Sullivan column in a newspaper with the largest circulation in the U. S., plus syndication. The problem, then, was to find the perfect agent—Mark J. Leddy was it.

"Does he know show business?" Ed asked, then answered himself, "yea & verily! If Mark J. signs a dog act, he invariably knows, personally, the dog's parents and distant relatives. He sets what he calls 'slow traps' for elusive talent, never fails, and then has know-how about our running order. We never have hassles with other agents, thanks to this gent."

Of Ed himself, an associate confided that Ed merely digs up wonderful acts, never misses a timely show or situation, produces, directs, checks lighting, suggests scenic designs, helps with the choreography, and knows what music is good. This expert adds that Ed has good taste and a flair for showmanship. Ed's ulcer—which does him out of lunch and is painful as the devil—affects neither his disposition, nor his massive energy.

How in aitch did a one-time sports writer become a top showman, boss of TV's sole, hour-long, variety show?

One thing that rouses Ed and his ulcer to white-heat, is the insinuation that he used his column—at the start of things—as a blackjack, to induce people to perform for him. Grab a stout catcher's mask, and ask Ed. . . .

"It all happened by way of accidents," Ed said, "back when I was sports columnist on the old Graphic. I was elected to provide entertainment for the paper's all-sports dinners. We had a gossip columnist named Walter Winchell, who lined up talent for me. Incidentally, I think Rudy Vallee sang his 'Stein Song' for the first time at one of our dinners."

Winchell was hired away by Mr. Hearst, so Ed had to hunt up his own talent. He was now 28—his ulcer about the same age. Again, by accident, Sullivan was

kicked into the Broadway-column spot, vacated by Louis Sobol, another one lost to Mr. Hearst.

"This all took place," Ed explained, "before the unions had anything to say about benefits—it was simpler, then. I was asked to put on a charity show and I had to emcee, as well. Brother, I was scared witless—and it was no secret!"

This led to shows put on at the N. Y. Paramount Theatre, and Loew's State, on the Great White Way. Then Ed was hired by the N. Y. News to do a Broadway column. His heart belonged to sports, but the brass decided otherwise. In 1947, the paper decided to televise their famed Harvest Moon Ball—and Ed was it.

"It was more an auditing job," he says, "than anything else. I had to work out complicated routines—first an act, then dancing, then a star-appearance—and list them on slips of paper I held in my hand. It was a rough evening—CBS' first remote-TV job—and me so busy sorting out my slips of paper that, paradoxically, I was quite relaxed.

"Remember, I didn't want to be a performer—I was a newspaperman, not an actor. Even today, I'm not too relaxed, but I'm better than I was then, when I raised my eyes, praying for help or a nice easy death. I couldn't smile—I looked as though rigor mortis had set in too long ago. I've seen some of the kinescopes of those old programs," he groaned, "looking up, imploring help from heaven!"

Microphones, Ed recalls, defeated those experts with radio mikes, the networks. "They didn't know what to do with a mike when a camera was focused on a performer who, in radio, talked into a mike which, naturally, was put directly in front of his mouth.

"Now a camera was peeking at the artist—so when a girl sang down in one (i. e., front of the stage—note how sports expert now uses vaude terms with aplomb), we had her sit on a railing, with a concealed mike also sitting on it. Again, we fastened six mikes to an iron pipe, overhead and out of camera range. But all the action couldn't take place in one, so we used any means we could think of—perhaps a bouquet of flowers, with early-flowering microphone in the center. If the singer was careless, a mike was apt to tumble out of its flowery hiding place! They were in books, in bottles, under trees—anything might be a mike in disguise. . . ."

But such headaches didn't stop Sullivan & Co. from building a good show that got even better. Rodgers & Hammerstein braved the microphones under foot and overhead, and sat down to talk about their new show, "Oklahoma!" It was timely, and interesting to people interested in learning which was Hammerstein's favorite lyric ("Surrey With A Fringe On Top") and how "Surrey" was written (to the actual clip-clop of horse's hooves).

"Martin & Lewis were on our first show," said Ed, "at the princely wage of \$150. They get \$1,500 for sneezing, nowadays, but our talent budget was then \$1,250—total. Monica Lewis, related to Marlo, was paid \$50—on later shows she got \$3,000. We gave the first preview of

'South Pacific,' as well as the first biographical program based on Oscar Hammerstein's life."

With today's more elaborate and expensive "Toast," the Sullivan ulcer takes even more of a beating. To introduce an aquacade-type show, Ed dove off a high springboard into a pool—zowie! says that dripping ulcer. The "Icecapades" had to be done outside, so Ed took off in a speedy tizzy for the ice—did an eight-minute stint with Donna Atwood—and then back to his own theatre to continue—the panting ulcer tagging along.

Ed's untheatrical idea is to introduce acts and get out of the way. "And getting the show itself off in time," he says, "is great for ulcers. I usually have about four-and-a-half minutes to play with all through the show. Sounds like a lot, eh? Not when it's an hour's program, that must come out on the nose, or else."

Ed is kept informed of the time—the acrobat fluffed a stunt, repeats it to get it right—where's that four-and-a-half minutes?

"The last five minutes are really tough," Ed says. "I've made stretch-allowances for applause, and they've really stretched. Some kids who've traveled 6,000 miles to sing for us, can't be robbed of an encore, even if time is short—and there's a closing commercial, a Safety-Congress spiel, and credits for next week's show. And we haven't been late more than three times in almost six years!"

Teamwork saves the day—even the per-

formers get the group-spirit feeling about this informal producing crowd—and informality is not the Madison Avenue-agency approach to a Top-5 production such as this, running to a cost of \$60,000 an hour. Mimi Benzell, the singer, had such a good time working with this crew that, when she heard they were aching to sign Margaret Truman, Mimi and agent-husband, Walter Gould, got to work on it, and the deal went through.

And, following a "Toast" engagement, a ballet dancer named Nancy Crompton was working in Buffalo. There was a kid on the Buffalo bill, she phoned Ed, who was spectacular. In fact, organist Ethel Smith had flatly refused to follow him on the bill. Ed signed the boy—and Johnnie Ray has been doing okay since then.

Tony Martin called the other day—he'd seen an act that was just right for "Toast." It's really something when your performers act as free talent scouts!

Edward Vincent Sullivan also sells his sponsor's automobiles. People visiting dealers, actually say: "Ed sent me"—and then buy a car. Sponsors hate that sort of thing.

Other sponsors aren't the least bit envious—they're just trying to figure out how their stars can come down—or up—with exactly the same type of ulcer (not) enjoyed by Ed.

As for Ed, he's anxious to be helpful. He says:

"I'll give my ulcer to the first person who asks me for it. . . ."

END

DO WOMEN HATE OR ENVY LILI?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

detractors, but if you ask her she has a word for it:

"Imagination."

Believe it or not, she fails to specify her sex appeal, her exotic, earthy personality with its abundance of curves in the right places as her really victorious virtues.

But Lili will have a hard time persuading male admirers it was "imagination" that raised burlesque from an all-time low—low in box-office receipts as well as in quality of presentation.

A vivid beauty, she offered her patrons a subtle air of intelligence and good breeding. But . . . all the time she gave them what they wanted.

And what they wanted, obviously, was to see Lili as nearly naked as the law allowed. Such success could only stem from—well, from imagination.

She built up a big following and a big bankroll as a daring dancing daughter of Eve.

"I didn't mind playing in burlesque," she once said. "I got more than twice the money I get at night clubs, and the audiences were warmer."

Today, referring to her palpitating past, she maintains proudly that just as she shed her clothes with neat abandon she also "was the first stripper to get dressed on stage, the first to take a bath on stage

and the first to pantomime the great charmers of history."

"I started my career with a long blonde wig and a fig leaf," Lili slyly commented. "Now I'm floating around a camera in a gossamer veil.

"My costumes have become more elaborate, but my talent seems to have remained consistent."

There's a lot of this talent, too—five feet, nine of a comely chassis that would startle Venus, a distinct flair for smart clothes, and the gift to re-create vividly history's most infamous sirens.

"My first siren was Eve for more reasons than one," Lili grinned. "I didn't have much money for costumes, so Eve was a natural. And I mean natural. The characterization was a success simply because of my lack of funds. At any rate, my costume consisted of long hair and a fig leaf."

Since then Lili has done considerable for the sirens of history. In addition to Carmen and Cleopatra, she has brought back to life exciting moments from the lives of such sensational temptresses as Salome, Delilah, Aphrodite and good old Sadie Thompson.

Much of Lili's career has been spent in exotic costumes—or out of them. Consequently, she has a real passion for clothes.

"I love clothes," she said, "but I don't



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like our modern dress. I'd like to drop out of this world and re-live the days of two thousand years ago. Clothes were graceful and exotic then."

Which may be why Lili has devoted so much time to proving that beauty is ageless and forever desirable. After spending six undraped years in burlesque and night clubs, she decided late in 1951 to do a switch and dress.

She had suddenly come to the belief a girl can look much sexier dressed than undressed.

Reaching Las Vegas, Nev., she arranged with Tom Douglas, millionaire Hollywood decorator, to prepare a new night club act for her. It called for her to take a bubble bath in a gargantuan champagne glass wearing black lace panties, brassiere, net stockings and a picture hat. Then she was to emerge to get dressed.

A strip in reverse, so to speak. Appropriately, the act had its premiere on the Strip—at Ciro's swank night club in Hollywood.

Ironically, Lili who never got into trouble when taking off clothes in her old striptease routine, was promptly arrested for "lewd and indecent exposure."

Police raided the act at the opening performance as Hollywood luminaries were draped around the room. The celebrities were not missing a thing. Neither were the cops. There was just one difference—the law was shocked.

Lili was quickly acquitted of the charge. A jury decided that her bubble bath was high art and any undue exposure of herself was purely accidental.

For a week she posed demurely in court, her celebrated body covered up to her chin while witnesses testified they did—or didn't—see too much of her during her bath.

One main issue was whether she climaxed her act with a bump and a grind. A bump, one witness said, is a pelvic propulsion, while a grind is a circular movement of the hips without any accompanying action of any other part of the body.

Lili St. Cyr has never sought to conceal her past as a part of the questionable burlesque side of theatrical life. Indeed, she asserted, "burlesque has a lot of good things to offer."

"But often there is definitely no principle involved," she said. "One of the most flattering, but annoying, examples of lack of principle was the girl who studied my act from the wings, dyed her hair blonde, duplicated my setting and props and billed herself as 'Exotic Lily.'"

"She had the cooperation of the theatre, too. The only thing we had in common was our height. Well, the customers were annoyed when they realized they'd been taken in by an unreasonable facsimile."

According to Lili, this stealing of material is quite common in burlesque. And it is not unusual in night clubs, either.

"Of course, there is a reason for the desperate demand for material," she said. "We have to come up with a completely new act weekly without rehearsal. You just start off cold and ad-lib your way through a new act. It's a wonderful ex-

perience, but lends itself to act-swiping.

"One thing sure, audiences at burlesque shows are a good deal freer with appreciation than those in night clubs. As for movies, well, you never know if you're appreciated or not—unless you're offered other parts."

Lili said she never found her act easy to do in a night club, usually because of the physical limitations of the place. Most night clubs use the dance floor as a stage and "it's difficult to reincarnate Salome or Carmen," she said, "while pulling the plug out of the bath and finishing one's ablutions."

The intimacy of such a set-up often brings out the small boy in a grown man, she said.

"There was the time I got as far as one shoe on and one shoe off," she recalled. "A ringside crew-cut chappie had swiped the shoe as a souvenir and 'Carmen' was forced to limp lopsidedly off stage. Since



"I love clothes," enthuses Lili St. Cyr, "but don't like our modern dress."

I had made a two-reel short of 'Cinderella' the day before I've often wondered if this was a coincidence of some sort."

Not all night club patrons get as exuberant as Lili's shoe pilfering friend. Actually, most men in the audience are reserved, she said.

"This is in definite contrast to the whoop-and-holler set you find in burlesque. Men who go to clubs are usually escorting their wives or girl friends and find it difficult being audibly appreciative of an act like mine.

"However, I still fondly remember one night at a swank club when a couple of men got carried away enough to yell: 'Take it off!' And then there was a loud whistle. I was really surprised at that but pleasantly amused."

Lili has no idea what to expect from her movie audiences. In fact, she's rather surprised to find herself in pictures. The startling thing about her new career, according to some observers, is that it took Hollywood so long to recognize Lili as screen material.

Whatever her work, she names the price. And always it is a fancy one. Her one ambition in life, she has said, is to make a million dollars. Though she hasn't made a definite financial statement she has reached the happy position of working only when she wants to.

Lili has come a long way from the days in Pasadena where as a little girl recently arrived with her mother from her native Minneapolis, she spent her time studying ballet. When she completed school she went to work as a waitress. But her good looks were too much for that kind of job. Jack Powell, a top photographer, spotted her and immediately talked her into becoming a model.

Changing her name from Marie Van Schaak to Lili St. Cyr she was for the next two years a very busy model. Then she answered a show girl call by Nils T. Granlund (NTG), night club entrepreneur, and spent the next three years at the Florentine Gardens in Hollywood.

Meanwhile, she started working on the idea of re-creating historic sirens. She tried it out at the Florentine. It caught on. New York talent agent, Miles Ingalls, saw the act, and within a matter of months Lili was a headliner in burlesque and night clubs.

"I wasn't even thinking of pictures," she said. "Then one day I got an offer to appear in 'The Miami Story.' And my movie career had begun."

Lili has been married twice. Her first husband was actor Paul Valentine. He sued for divorce in 1948 charging he got to see Lili only when she was performing in a Los Angeles burlesque theatre. A former Broadway dancer, he created and staged many of her dances.

Her second husband, whom she recently shed, was Armand Orsini, a former civil engineer who gave up his career to open a coffee shop in West 56th Street, New York, and act as Lili's manager.

Orsini met Lili in a New York night club. He came in for an aperitif and stayed to admire. He quickly fell in love with her.

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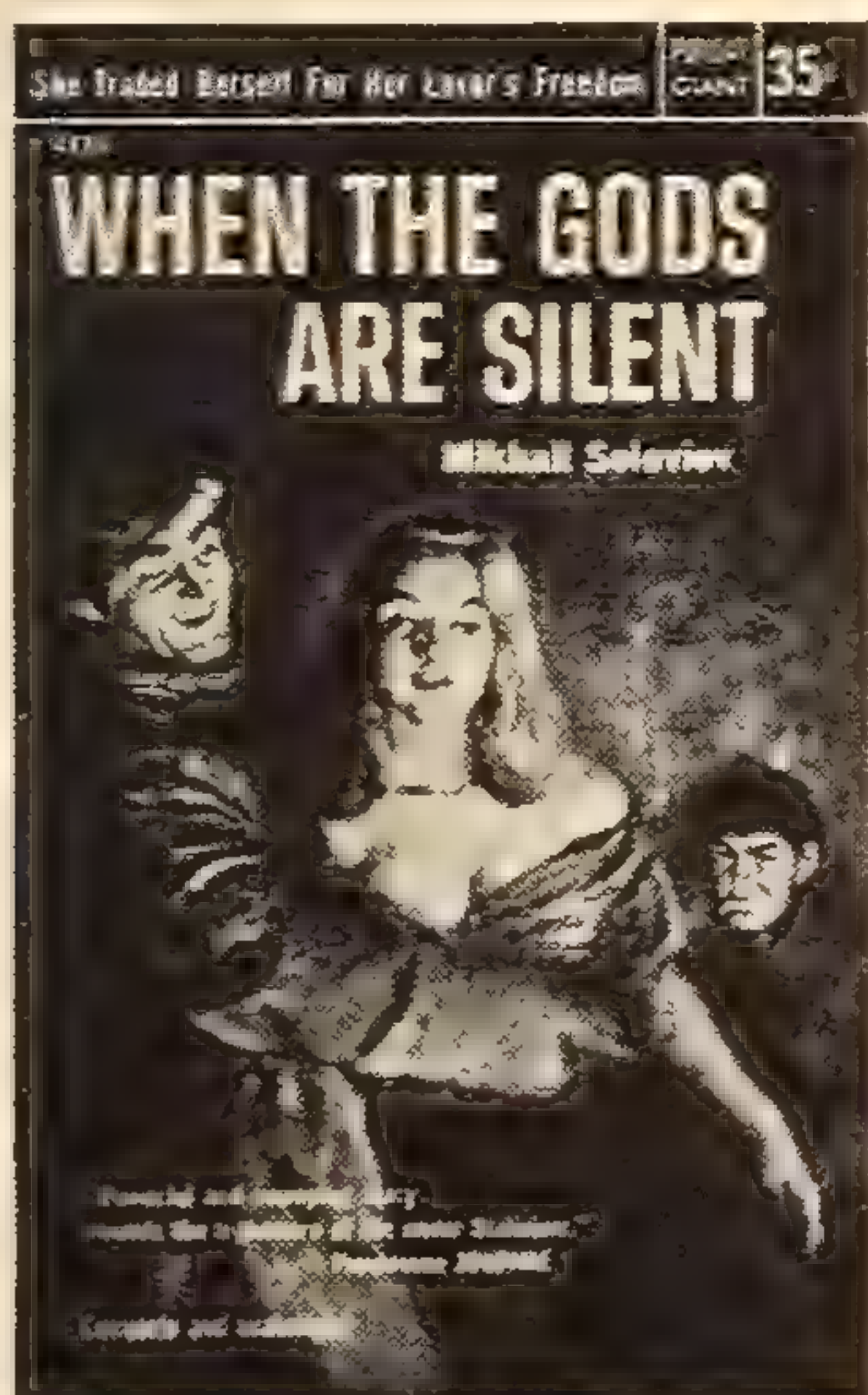
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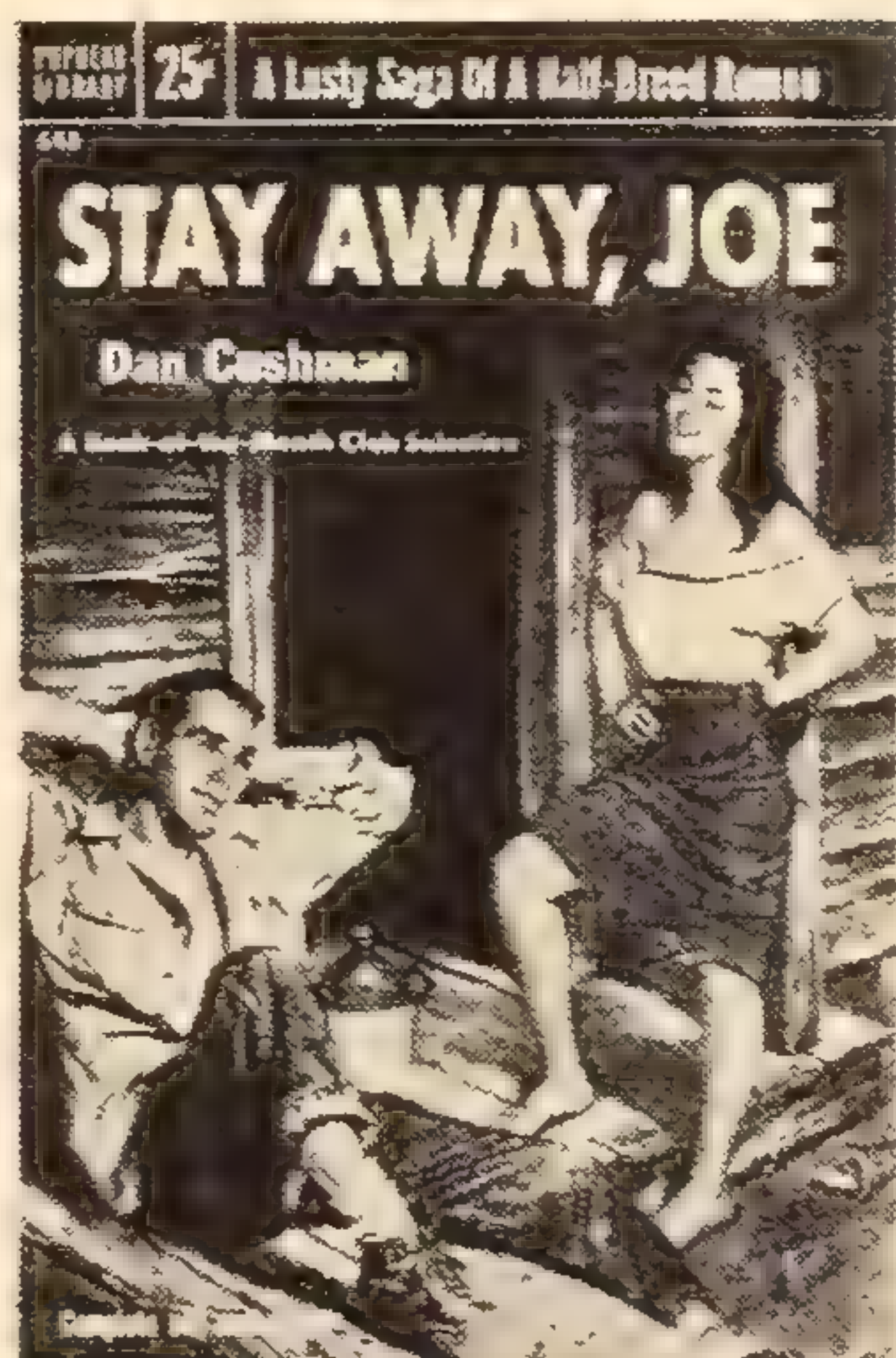


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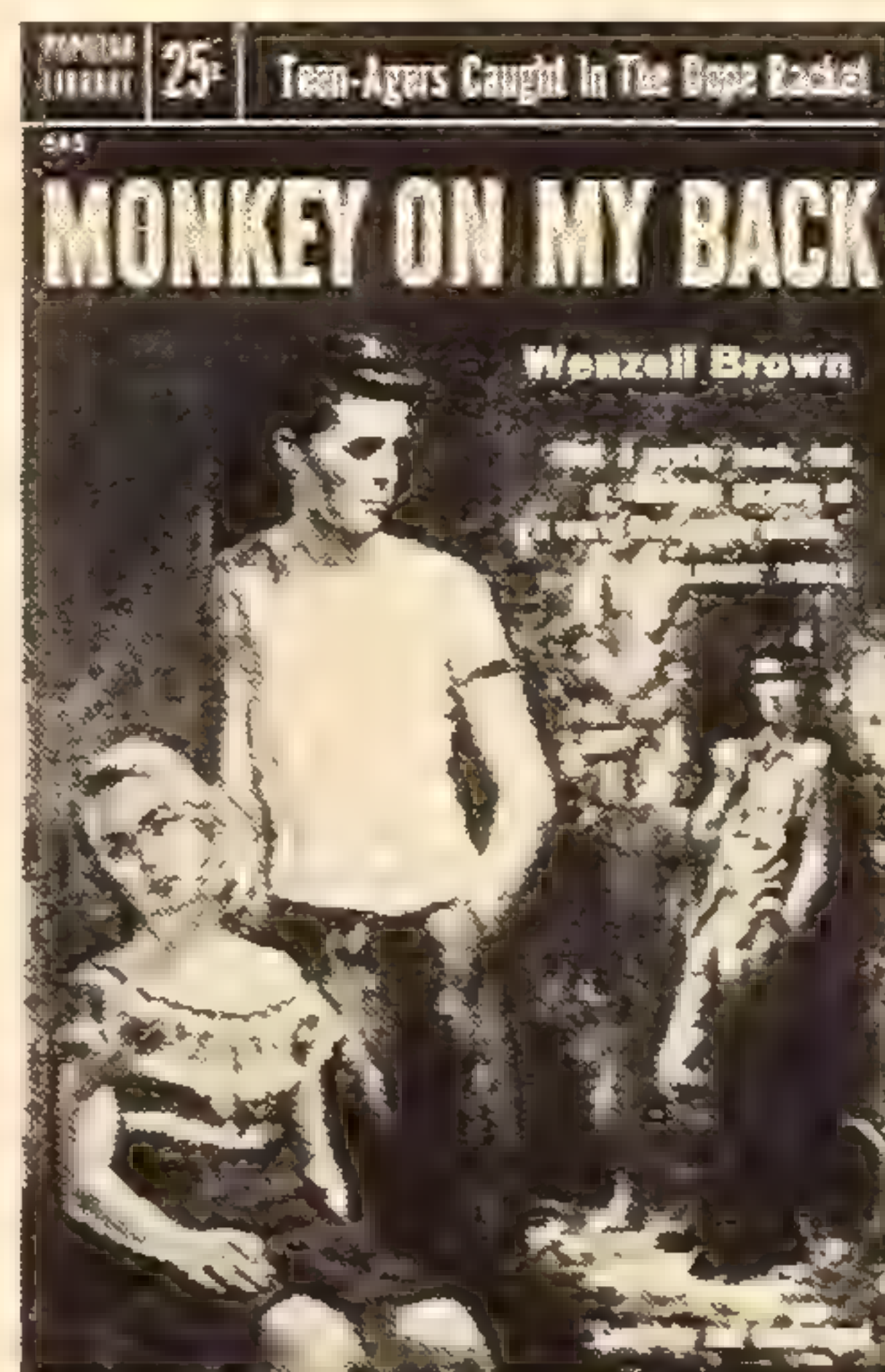
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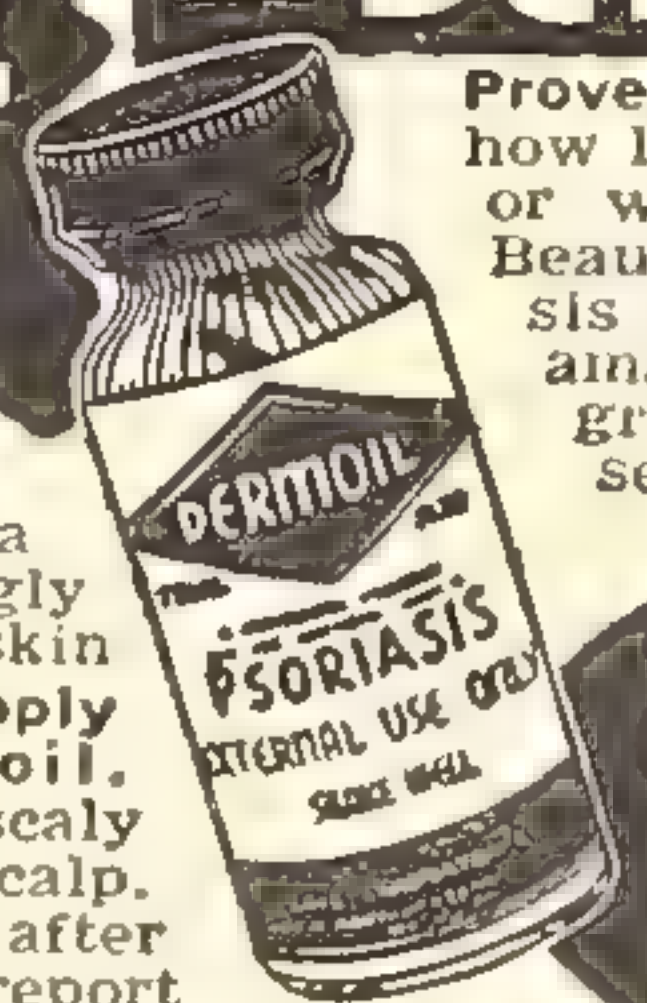
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Once questioned as to what she had in common with an engineer, Lili replied: "I never talk shop with my husband."

The blonde dancer, reportedly, is to marry Tom Douglas, but he has denied he is engaged to her. However, she is said to be wearing a \$12,000 diamond ring which he gave her.

Both Douglas and Orsini are deeply interested in Lili's career.

"Armand got nervous when I was on stage, but only because he wanted me at

my best," she said. "As a former civil engineer, his interest in my career amazed me."

Lili likes her new movie life, finds it "wonderful" to be able to wear the "kinds of ensembles all women dream of."

"The only thing wrong with the movies is there is not enough room for self-expression.

"I've always been a firm believer in self-expression," said Lili with just a hint of her alluring Carmen smile. **END**

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

when they both appeared in the musical, "Best Foot Forward" late last Summer in Dallas, Texas. The seedy looking garment, more than twenty-five years of age, was presented to the comedienne by Debbie as a gag—but it's a gag gift that is paying off in laughs on TV. Despite its age, the coat has been insured for \$1,000 by La Pearce because there's no way of duplicating it. Alice has promised to lend the coat to Debbie if and whenever she needs it for a comedy routine on TV guest appearances . . .

Martha Raye, who's proven she can do anything on TV—sing, dance, cut comedy capers with the best of them—will emote in a straight dramatic role on a pending "Danger" telecast. She'll play the role of a former musical comedy star charged with a 20-year-old murder. The flash-back technique will be used in which she will have the opportunity of displaying her celebrated legs in a song-and-dance routine . . .

The return to TV of Charles "Buddy" Rogers is but a matter of months—he'll star in a filmed show in which he'll once again front an orchestra, presenting a cavalcade of song hits through the years that will bring back such past favorite song stylists as Ruth Etting, Lee Wiley, Ethel Shutta, Helen Kane, Adelaide Moffett and Bernice Claire. It will be a gem of nostalgia, interspersed with present day singers such as Jack Russell, Bill Lawrence, Vic Damone and Bill Hayes . . .

There have been so many gag "This Is Your Life" shows privately taped for birthday parties honoring Broadway and Hollywood personalities, that few video stars can be deeply moved by the genuine telecasts. One of the funniest ever, was done so professionally for Marilyn Erskine's birthday, that the fifty-some guests at the party given for her in Hollywood, thought they were hearing a rebroadcast of an actual show. It's suddenly become the rage in New York, too. Incidentally, many of the "This Is Your Life" viewers have been writing to the programs' sponsors suggesting a surprise show featuring the life of Ralph Edwards. He's flattered, of course, but turned the idea down cold when news about his fans' letters leaked out . . .

The perennially active Ray Bolger's West Coast telefilm show, "Where's Raymond?" is the home base for more gags than an Abbott and Costello movie studio set. Ray's entire professional life is made up of "having fun on the set," between stretches of gruelling comedy-dance routines. He's finally met his nemesis on the "Where's Raymond?" studio premises—cast members Richard Erdman and Allyn Joslyn are right up there with Ray when it comes to cutting up. They get so noisy on occasion, there have been complaints from the actors on the "I Love Lucy" set—half a block away. It isn't clear yet, just which is more exhausting for Ray—his actual performances or those "relaxing" hours in-between rehearsals with side-kicks Erdman and Joslyn . . .

Hillary Brooke, of the "My Little Margie" show, took advantage of the three months vacation from the show, went to England, tossed off a few movie roles and saw Paris and Dublin after shopping sprees. She returned in time to walk on the "Margie" set, pick up her script and continue in the TV series. Her chocolate colored poodle, "Barnabas," is getting as famous as she, having appeared on the show many times. She's trained the dog so that he can be taken into restaurants—even those that prohibit canines—guaranteeing the owners "Barnabas" won't budge. He doesn't—not after she drapes a napkin over him as he lies on the floor. He won't move until she gives him the word—"Boo!" . . .

Myrna Loy, in Hollywood for a spell from the social and political pleasures of Washington, D. C., has been combing TV series offers out of her hair faster than you can say Dragnet. The one-time screen star is willing to do an occasional show but isn't anxious to get into a working schedule that would consume most of her time. She considers the TV routine for actresses too demanding. Claudette Colbert is another Hollywoodite who is being courted by East and West Coast video producers. After an eighteen-months carefree sojourn in Europe, she's admittedly spoiled and "kind of lazy at the moment." This is not to say the Colbert talents will not be shown on TV from time to time—she'll make guest appearances, of course—the idea of a week-

ly show, "live" or filmed, just doesn't appeal to her . . .

There's a new idea for a panel show making the rounds of West Coast TV producers offices, and one that merits attention. It's called, "Made To Order," and personalities suggested for it include Edith Head, Paramount's glamorous dress designer; Wally Westmore, head of the studio's make-up department; Terry Hunt, who takes pounds off high-living stars in *Celebrityville*; a plastic surgeon and a dental specialist. From head to toe—hair styles and manicures to wardrobe and pedicures, with teeth capping and facial plastic surgery part of the transformation offer, a contestant chosen from the audience would be completely transformed over a two-months period. The estimated costs of such an over-all change would normally set any Hollywood star back at least \$10,000. In addition to the glamourizing treatment on "Made To Order," the lucky (and cour-

ageous) person selected would be given a cash bonus of \$500 plus an all-expense round-trip to Paris for two . . .

Now that Hollywood has discovered the very talented young actor-comic, Jack Lemmon, New York, his home town, will probably not see him around for some time to come. His successful screen debut opposite Judy Holliday in "It Should Happen To You" set Hollywood on edge and TV grabbed him for "The Marriageable Male," one of the Ford Theatre's dramas in which he'll co-star with Ida Lupino. He has a dozen other major video program offers standing by ranging from a guest appearance on "I Love Lucy" to "The Red Buttons Show" . . . END

Hear and See Maggi on her own program, "Maggi's Private Wire," Monday through Friday over WABC and WABC-TV, New York. See Maggie on "Leave It To The Girls" at 7:30-8 P.M. E.S.T. Saturdays over ABC-TV.

DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

with the approval of Fernando. This bit of intelligence should end the Dahl-Lamas rumors for once and for all because it's straight from the Lamas' Dahling . . .

Mario Lanza's white convertible had been parked for ten days at the Tavern-on-the-Green without the unpredictable singer ever reappearing to claim it. The Tavern owners couldn't contact the "missing" Lanza and the custom-made car just remained "parked." It disappeared overnight and when last seen, was travelling at a fast clip en route to Boston with an unidentified blonde young lady behind the wheel . . .

The Peter Lawford-Judy Holliday gossip is a result of their hide-a-way dating in Hollywood and New York. Instead of dining at leading restaurants and cafes, they'd hot-foot it to off-beat bistros—a routine that always leads to tongues wagging. Hand-holding and cheek-to-cheek dancing away from "the mob," although purely platonic—and in this case it's nothing else but—can only resolve itself into one thing, Big Talk about Little Things. If Lawford doesn't remain a confirmed bachelor it won't be Judy Holliday who'll be responsible—but instead, a wealthy widow in her early fifties . . .

Guy Mitchell arrived in New York on a cold, cold day sporting a straw hat with a bright red silk band and his flaming sports jacket was something right out of "Those Red Heads From Seattle"—a song-and-dance costume if ever you saw one. Guy's explanation for it was that he flew East from Las Vegas for a few hours and was en route back to Hollywood via American Airlines Mercury flight and didn't have time to change. Hep news-

men saw another reason for it—you couldn't help but notice the singer in that garb—whenever a photographer hove into sight, Guy went into his act—the waddle walk, the flashing smile and twirling cane. It got more laughs than Guy anticipated but less publicity than he had hoped . . .

Greta Garbo lunched with King Paul and Queen Fredericka of Greece at the Colony. A special screen was put up around their table to ward off the stares of other diners. Stewart Granger wasn't introduced to *Their Majesties* or Garbo although he hung around several hours hoping. He did a slow burn when actress Nina Foch strolled in and was taken to the Royal couple in a matter of minutes and remained for the rest of the afternoon . . .

Signature seekers fell all over themselves at the Hotel Plaza when longtime screen favorite Richard Arlen checked into the hotel with his wife, Maggie. Celebrities, who got the brush from the group of fans, included Sir Alexander Korda, Elsa Maxwell, Frank Lloyd Wright and Sharman Douglas, proving you've got to be a movie star, past or present, to really rate with the movie-going public, especially the young fry who have an uncanny knack of deciding who's who in their books . . .

Elsa Schiaparelli, the famous Parisian dress designer, took second place in the matter of top honors for the best dressed woman at Bruno's Pen & Pencil, when Gypsy Rose Lee walked in wearing a black satin suit with matching cartwheel hat. The neckline, cut to a new low, had steak diners dropping their sirloins for higher stakes—a closer look at The View. It was Mme. Schiaparelli who insisted

Corns

CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES



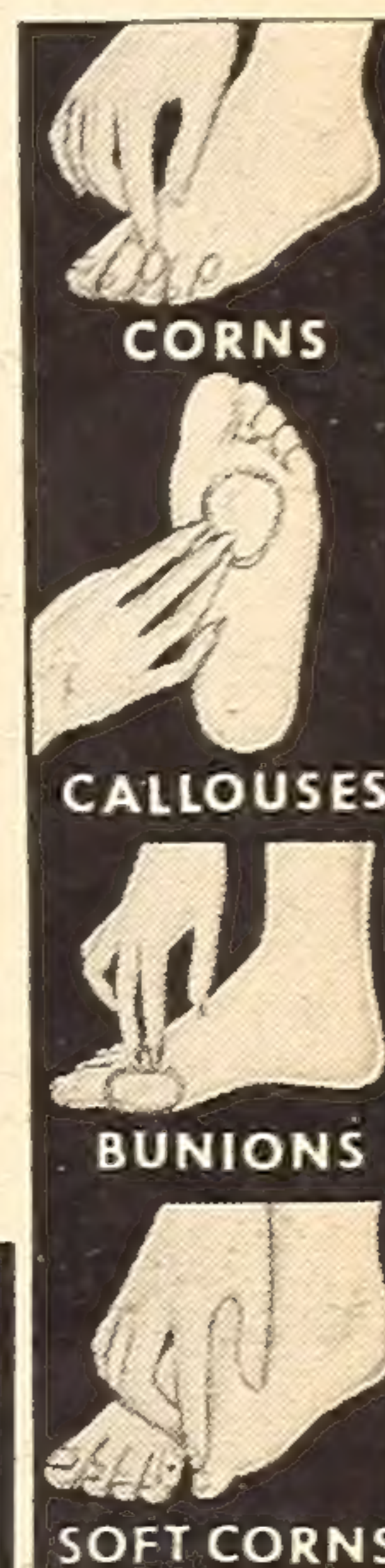
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Her devoted beau, Fernando Lamas, joins Arlene Dahl in reading congratulatory messages backstage following her New York appearance with Jose Ferrer in "Cyrano."

"Gyp" never looked better. The ensemble worn by "Gyp" was a Schiaparelli creation and with the designer, the customer always comes first, even in sartorial sweepstakes . . .

Eleanor Parker couldn't be reached for comment on her new "heart interest," but word got around she was hopping mad over the circulated report that she and Robert Taylor had suddenly "discovered" they were in love. At her Manhattan hotel suite she was "out to all callers"—except to Bert Friedlob, her ex-spouse, who telephoned to wish her happiness with Bob Taylor. That was the first indication La Parker had that she and Taylor were "in love" . . .

Leave it to Richard Jaeckel to do the unusual. He spurned lavish hotel accommodations in favor of a single, cloister-type room at the West 63rd Street YM-CA. When phone calls came for Dick he had to use the telephone in the hall, and all his out-going calls were made on the pay-station hard by the showers. When he wasn't in the gym or "Y" swimming pool, he could be found in nearby Central Park horseback-riding, ice-skating and playing ball with total strangers. In two weeks he shed fifteen pounds. He never once was solicited for an autograph and in future trips to New York he'll make the "Y" his headquarters.

Carleton Carpenter, who left Hollywood quietly after being let go by MGM, resumed his Broadway stage career by signing for a featured role in "John Murray Anderson's Almanac." Since his return to Gotham he was unavailable to his

former West Coast pals—including Debbie Reynolds, who wrote letters, sent telegrams and tried to telephone him at his former Times Square hotel hang-out. Carp just didn't want any of it. He checked out of his hotel, rented a small furnished apartment without a telephone and attended rehearsals every day. Even his producers didn't know where to locate him—they had to leave messages for him with a telephone answering service. Strange doings for a talented young star. His friends are very much concerned about him . . .

Mike Todd, the famous Broadway impresario, created a fuss at a Lexington Avenue theatre during the showing of

"99 River Street," in which Evelyn Keyes is co-starred with John Payne. Todd didn't like the way the audience reacted to La Keyes' performance and said so right out loud. The Todd-Keyes romance will culminate in marriage for sure . . .

Ray Milland sported dark glasses and sat in a far-corner table at Toots Shor's after the announcement that he and his wife had separated. He declined to accept telephone calls or speak to a topflight news gal who approached his table for further particulars on his estrangement from Mrs. Milland. Feeling he had given out all the information necessary, Milland clammed up on any further discussion about his private life, and asked the femme scribe to please leave him alone. Nearby diners reported that Milland seemed to be very much broken-up and distressed by all the attention his marital statement to the press created. His companions at the restaurant, all male, included two agents, a manager and one of his TV show sponsors. But Milland and his wife, Mal, are now reconciled and their friends couldn't be happier. It was their fifth separation during a long marriage—but each time just when things looked blackest they got together again . . .

Margaret O'Brien has been cautioned to soft-pedal her grown-up glamour antics—she dresses like a woman of the world, but behaves like a teen-ager. The clothes, make-up and conduct do not go together . . .

Gig Young came to New York to help publicize Joan Crawford's "Torch Song," but his erratic behavior had MGM executives wishing he had remained in Hollywood. They cut short his visit and managed to get him out of town by simply stopping all his hotel charges. When visiting movie stars have to pay their own tariffs, it makes a difference . . .

Biggest surprise was Cary Grant, heretofore incommunicado when he was in New York. He went all out to make friends with newspaper writers and was a veritable Good Will Ambassador from Hollywood . . . **END**

WALK IN BEAUTY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

way give you the incidental bonus of longer wear from your nylons. The system is to use it after bathing. Though the formula is emollient, it's neither sticky nor greasy. Just smooth the lotion into your legs and pay particular attention to heels and dry patches of skin where nylons are apt to snag.

There are foot and leg exercises that you can do to tone laggard muscles and improve your posture in general. One of the simplest asks you to do nothing more complicated than to raise up on tip-toe, putting the weight on the outside edges of the foot. A second exercise can be done sitting down. For this one you put a pen-

cil on the floor; then reach out with your bare foot and grasp the pencil with your toes. A third is designed especially for your legs. In this one you can even lie down—on your back. First raise both legs straight up, then move them alternately as though you were walking. Make each "stride" as long as you can—you'll discover a whole lot of muscles you didn't even know you had. But there will be times when what you want most is to rest your hard working extremities. For a real fatigue-banisher, try lying down with your feet propped higher than your head. Just a few minutes in that position can make a world of difference. **END**

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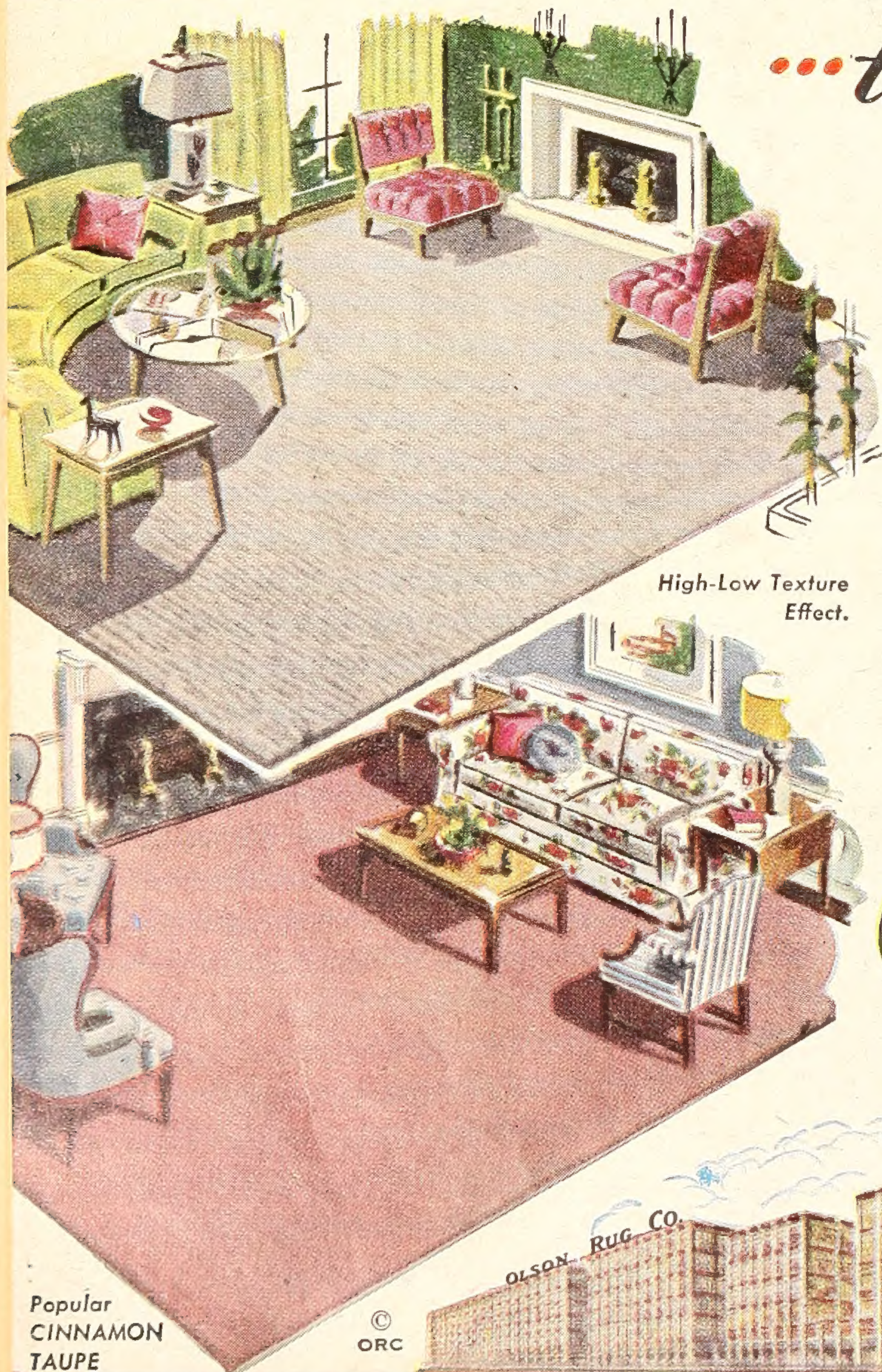
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